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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
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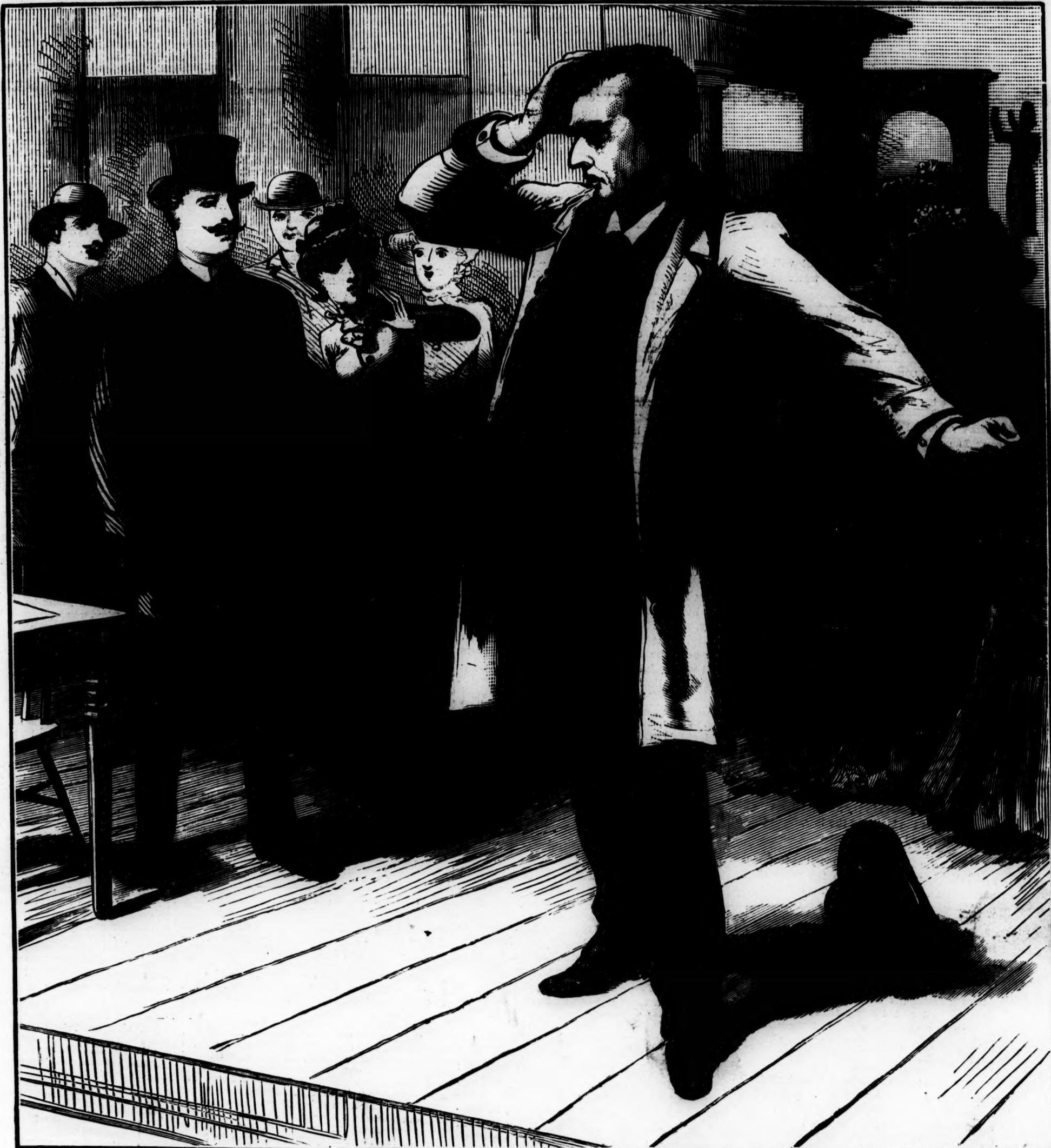
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Henry W. Toy.



HIS LAST REHEARSAL.

THE PATHETIC SCENE OF JOHN McCULLOUGH'S RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE AT McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
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RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square, New York.

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THEY are called drummers because they are constantly on the beat.

BRYAN MCSWINY says that this year his specialty will be canvass shoes.

THEY have what they call "potato-races" in Buffalo. We suppose that potato-races are run by "mashers."

In Connecticut the coachmen are so afraid of being eloped with that they go into convents and become monks.

JAY GOULD and Bill Vanderbilt will both support St. John. They prefer water to anything else—in stocks.

A CYCLONE is said to be coming this way. It can't be John A. Stevens this time, because he is booked way out West.

JOHN McCULLOUGH says he will not go to the Hot Springs. He says he has been in enough hot water with his managers.

THEY've found out who struck Billy Patterson. The fellow was a "ward-worker," and he struck William for "five cases."

LORD ROSSE is in New York. He owns the largest telescope in the world, and yet no interviewer has been able to draw him out.

THE theatrical season has so far been a terrific fizzle. Perhaps in time it will be almost as unprofitable to be an actor as an Italian railroad laborer.

A LUNATIC in Georgia beat a Justice the other day. In New York Justice is often beaten by men who are not, but only pretend to be, lunatics.

THERE have never been so many stout, hearty, well-dressed fellows on "strike" as there are this year. At least, that's what the political candidates say.

THE American Jockey Club agrees that Mr. Bergh's officers should not be assaulted in the discharge of their duty. The American Jockey Club has a level head.

If Pat Judge's father can be convicted of intimidating witnesses to try and get his villainous son out of the hands of the law, he ought to be sent up for a long period.

"AN electric Kentuckian" has just turned up and is being paraded by the press of his native State. Perhaps it lies in his head-gear, as most Kentuckians wear shocking hats.

THE parade of the Philadelphia police was an immense success. The Philadelphian "crooks" kindly took a day off from business so as not to disturb the harmony of the proceedings.

THE grasshopper has, according to its size, one hundred and twenty times the kicking power of an average man. But there isn't a grasshopper living that touches Eben Plympton as a kicker.

IN Georgia they've got the ranking grades of military titles down very fine. A major, for instance, takes a three-finger drink, and a colonel always four. Nearly all able-bodied Georgians are colonels.

MANAGERS of theatres, concert-halls, race-tracks, or places of amusement of any kind are respectfully requested to use the boot on any person attempting to dead-head their way on any card or badge purporting to come from the office of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE Baltimore Day says that the Bennett-Mackey cable was broken by icebergs. What with fire-bugs and ice-bugs, the bug family seems to be growing too influential "in our midst."

JUDGE DUFFY shows as much wisdom as pluck in rejecting political "influence," when it is exercised in behalf of thieves and toughs. The little Judge is making the right kind of record for himself.

To the astonishment of the civilized world a country jury in Illinois has decided that the killing of a Chicago Alderman is murder. The Common Council of Chicago, therefore, breathes more easily.

It's usually a good and successful play that authors quarrel over. Yet here's Donnarumma, the artist restaurateur, insisting that he wrote the "Artist's Daughter." It's a pretty grave burden to assume, it strikes us.

THE Scriptural story is that Jacob served Laban seven years for the hand of Rachel. But if the old man had kept a carriage and let Jacob in as coachman, the chances are that he would have made the rifle in six weeks.

THERE are so many American bank cashiers in Canada, and the demand for rye whisky is, in consequence, so large and vigorous, that two Kentucky distillers have decided to cheat their creditors and skip over the border.

WHY is it one so seldom hears of a doctor's taking advantage of the trustfulness of his female patients? Yet his temptation and his opportunities are certainly as great and as numerous as those of the average clergyman.

THEY've caught a party of girls in Chicago who call themselves "The Laundry Gang," and rob Chinamen after chloroforming them. The eldest girl in the "gang" is only fifteen years old. Chicago spends a good deal of money on foreign missions, too.

BEN MAGINLY goes starring shortly in an Irish play. The law, it seems, does not recognize this kind of suicide as criminal. It ought to be. Anyhow, the fact that he is going to make a tour of the country as an Irish comedian ought to vitiate an actor's life insurance.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL says that "the worship of the golden calf is as eager in our great cities as it ever was in Sinai." The honorable gentleman doesn't go to the theatre. One visit to "Sieba" would have shown him that the bald-heads go up to worship the sawdust article in preference to the golden one.

WE regret to learn that our friend, Billie Daniel, of near Gaylesville, was painfully injured by a kick from a mule on the 23d instant. He came to Centre to consult our doctors, and we hope to hear of his early recovery.—*Cherokee (Ala.) Advertiser*. The Alabama mule is an exceptionally intelligent animal.

JIM BENNETT sailed for Europe in the Fulda, but he didn't leave before he had put good, gray, old Joe Elliott on the retired list with a salary, to the end of his days, of \$5,000 a year. Some day the list of Bennett's real kindnesses will see daylight, and then a good many people will be thoroughly surprised.

THIS week's clerical scandal is the Rev. (?) Mr. Osman, charged with assaulting a six-year-old child in Bridgeport, Conn. He is even worse than Osman Digna, the Arab savage, who is murdering women and children in Egypt. Better death at the hands of the one Osman than rape at the hands of the other.

THE English Government has bought 3,000,000 pounds of Chicago corned beef. It is the dastardly intention of the Britishers to present it to the Mahdi and his followers as a peace offering. Nobody who has eaten Chicago corned beef will read of this new dodge of perfidious Albion without a shudder of horror.

HUMAN nature don't change much. The people who hooted and jeered and ironically cheered poor John McCullough when he made his last appearance in Chicago were no different from those of Rome eighteen centuries ago, who turned their thumbs down and sealed the fate of the vanquished gladiator.

ATHLETIC sports don't make the worst paying business in the world, by a jugful. How is this for a resume of sporting men's fortunes: Edward Hanlan, \$50,000, rowing; Wallace Ross, Homer, Plaisted and Teemer, each \$5,000 to \$10,000, same; John L. Sullivan, \$150,000, in slugging; Billy Madden, \$15,000, same; Joe Coburn, \$20,000, same; John Morrissey and Jim Mace made several fortunes, which they lost in gambling; Weston made \$30,000, pioneer pedestrian of the world; other pedestrians—Rowell, \$60,000; Ennis and Fitzgerald, \$15,000 each; Harding, \$7,000; Harriman, \$10,000; Duncan C. Ross cleared \$30,000 in wrestling matches.

## CAUGHT THE EPIDEMIC.

The Wife of a New York Broker Elopés With His Business Partner.

[With Portraits.]

Pretty Mrs. Kate Davidson, who, it is alleged, quietly left her home in the Vienna Flats, 343 West Twenty-third street, with her husband's partner one night recently, was born in New Rochelle, Westchester county, thirty-five years ago. Her childhood's name was Queen Catherine Moon, and her home was in one of those grand, substantial old country seats, a few of which still dot the country villages here and there along the Sound.

At the age of twenty Miss Moon met a man somewhat her senior, and her fate at the same time. This gentleman was Mr. Stratford C. Davidson, of New York, and ere long the couple were united in marriage.

The young couple traveled somewhat extensively, passed a honeymoon of unalloyed happiness and entered upon the duties of life-companions with the fairest of prospects. In process of time Mr. and Mrs. Davidson removed to New York, and Mr. Davidson went into the brokerage business, taking with him \$200,000 of the \$300,000, which constituted his wife's dowry left by her father, who died several years ago.

Three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Davidson rented apartments in the Vienna flats on Twenty-third street and fitted their rooms up in queenly style.

But the married life of Kate Davidson, as she was known to her friends, was not altogether unruffled. Her husband began to develop a fondness for dogs, and, her friends say, neglected his handsome wife. He also became unfortunate in business and lost the money which his wife and her mother had advanced to him. He came home but little, taking his meals at the rooms of the Union Club, of which he was a member.

About six weeks ago Mr. Davidson announced his intention of taking a trip to Europe, and his wife pleaded to be permitted to accompany him. He refused her, going alone. Soon afterward some one informed her that her husband had gone to England to buy a new bulldog, and then Mrs. Davidson felt herself greatly wronged.

Before his departure her husband had taken into partnership a gentleman named Clayton E. Newbold, and the two engaged in the brokerage business in the Union Building. Mr. Newbold was a married man, good-looking, and, from repeated visits at his partner's house, he became enamored of pretty Mrs. Davidson, and the sentiment was reciprocated.

## THE LAST REHEARSAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The breaking down of John McCullough, the stalwart tragedian, while fulfilling an engagement at McClellan's theatre, Chicago, although not unexpected by his most intimate friends, comes like a thunderbolt to many theatre-goers, who have always looked upon him as a specimen of robust manhood. There was a pathetic scene in the theatre on Wednesday, Oct. 1, when the members of the company, to humor McCullough, consented to rehearse "Richelieu," although they knew the management had declared the engagement at an end. Mr. McCullough himself insisted that he would continue to play, and so the rehearsal went on, for all his old associates were anxious to gratify his strange whim. He struggled through the lines of the part of the great Cardinal, now and then uttering sentences from "Virgilius," the "Gladiator," and other favorite plays. At last he came to the curse scene, and there was a momentary gleam of his former fire as the splendid and powerful words fell from his lips. Some of the members of the company who were sitting in the parquet began to applaud, and touched by this sudden exhibition of sympathy the actor burst into tears. As he wept the fond illusion of power that he cherished seemed to fall away from him. Then the play went on, and Mr. Lane uttered a line descriptive of the Cardinal's breaking strength. McCullough looked at him in a sad, dazed way, and again there was a pause of the most painful embarrassment. Finally Mr. McCullough wandered from the part of "Richelieu" to that of "Richard III," which he had seen played by Keene two nights before. Probably there is nothing more touching in the history of the stage than the fatality which induced the despondent actor to repeat these infinitely sad lines from the fifth act of Shakespeare's play. They are from "Richard's" soliloquy after the awful apparitions on the battle-field, and when he was filled with the presentiment of his coming fate:

"I shall despair—there is no creature loves me; And if I die, no soul will pity me!"

Before the rehearsal was over some one brought from the front of the building the huge placards bearing the tragedian's name and likeness, and this incident was a shock to him. He realized then that his engagement was at an end, and he saw at last the full significance of the line addressed to him the night before, when his strength forsook him in the last scene of the "Gladiator." The words were in the play, but it was a strange coincidence that they should have been spoken at the very instant when John McCullough stood perhaps for the last time upon a stage:

"General, you are unfit for battle, Come to your tent!"

W. JAMES.

[With Portrait.]

Prof. W. James, who is now teaching the manly art of self-defense in Altoona, Pa., has a good record both in this country and in England. He has appeared here only in glove contests, but in the old country he often shied his castor into the 24-foot ring and came out victor. He was born in London, Eng., April 6, 1854. He stands 5 feet 5 inches, and in condition weighs 110 pounds.

When only sixteen years old he was matched to fight Jim Coney, cousin to the renowned Jim McCormack, for £5 a side, and after fighting thirty-three rounds, in 2 hours and 10 minutes, won. He was next matched against Harry Simpson, of Clerkenwell, at 98 pounds. The fight came off at Hampstead, near London, in 1872, and was won by James. At Birmingham he met Tinker Aston for £20 a side, and won after fighting eighteen rounds in 1 hour and 15 minutes. He was next matched to fight Jack Swan, of Birmingham, at Burbury Park, near Birmingham, and won in seven rounds in 20 minutes. He also fought Frank Brown, of Birmingham, for £10 a side, and won in 65 minutes. Since his arrival in this country he has appeared with success in many glove contests, and gained a reputation as a teacher. There is a prospect of his being matched against Jack Williams, of Boston, at 112 pounds.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

A PHILADELPHIA woman swallowed a pint of kerosene with intent to commit suicide. She still lives. She forgot to swallow a lighted match.

YOUNG FARMER—"Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton?" Miss Gusherton—"Oh, really, Mr. Parker, if you mean this as a declaration, you must speak to mamma."

"How are you getting along?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer. "Very well, thank you," was the reply. "I got my first case to-day." "Indeed! and what was it?" "A book-case."

A CALIFORNIA man claims to have seen an animal half dog and half alligator. We strongly suspect the same man saw two wives and two rolling-pins when he got home that evening.

WHEN a dry-goods dealer tells you that he can give you an inside figure on shawls, if the figure is plump and pretty you ought not to let a dollar or two stand in the way of making the purchase.

"COME, pretty maiden, come with me."

"Why should I come, good sir, with thee?"

"Why, I'm a coachman, manly and true."

"Ah, that settles it. I'll come with you."

"WILL you have salt on your eggs?" asked the hotel-waiter of the guest. "Oh, no, thanks; they are not at all fresh." Then the waiter went out to consult the landlord to see if the hotel had been insulted.

"I PRIDE myself on my descent," said a spinner of uncertain age, recently; "one of my ancestors came over with the Pilgrims." Then somebody cruelly asked: "Which one was it, your father or your mother?"

MR. SMITH (to Mrs. Parvenu, who has been telling him about her new house)—"I suppose you will have dumb-waiters in the house?" Mrs. P.—"No, I shan't! I had a deaf cook once, and I vowed then never to have another crippled servant."

"MA, who is this coachman the papers are talking so much about, and abusing so? Is he running for President? I'm sure our coachman, Will, would make a good President; he's just lovely." In half an hour "Will" was running—for another job.

"EVER had a cyclone here?" asked a Kansas man who was visiting a country aunt in the East. "A cyclone! Oh, yes," said his aunt. "Deacon Brown's son brought one from Boston a spell ago; but, law! he couldn't ride it. Tumbled off every time he tried."

THE average coachman, it would seem, instead of being a useful servant, is simply an Adonis, or, to use a popular phrase, a "masher." If the elopement industry continues to flourish it is not unlikely that, like the Utes in Colorado, the coachman will have to go.

A TESTY old man went into his cellar with a handsome mug to draw some beer. He stumbled and fell over a box. His wife called out: "My dear, have you broken the mug?" Smarting with pain, he replied: "No; but I will." And he immediately dashed it against the wall.

"HAVE you given electricity a trial for your complaint, Mrs. Fisker?" asked a friend, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity?" said she. "Well, yes; I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer, and hove out of the window; but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

AN Irishman meeting an acquaintance accosted him thus: "Ah, my dear, who do you think I have just been speaking to?—your old friend Patrick; faith, and he has grown so thin I hardly knew him. To be sure, you are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

"YOU are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy young book-seller to a homely-dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble. "Well, here's an 'Essay on the Rearing of Calves,'" "That," said Aminadab, as he turned to leave the shop, "thee had better present to thy mother."

IT is said that a pound of feathers is as heavy as a pound of lead. That depends. If a pound of feathers were to fall from a third-story window and alight upon a man's head, and five minutes afterward a pound of lead were to fall the same distance from above and strike him on the same spot, he would be willing to swear that the lead weighed a ton more than the feathers.

AN IRISHMAN, who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than he did to him, and that they should both fire at the same time. This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside the chalk-mark, it was to go for nothing.

AT a dinner given in England in honor of American Minister Lowell, he was introduced by the host as "one of the sages of the nineteenth century." The distinguished guest paid strict attention to a very toothsome fowl—a roast goose. After the dinner came speeches. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Lowell, who was called on, "what great change has taken place during this excellent meal? When we began this meal we had a goose stuffed with sage; now you see before you a sage stuffed with goose."

THE deacon was uneasy. Near him, on the piazza of a Long Branch hotel, sat a dude from New York, with loudly-checked suit, a silver-headed cane and a pronounced odor of patchouli. The deacon eyed the dude, shifted uneasily in his seat, and at length arose and said: "I guess I'll get to windward. I tell ye,"

## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

## Some of the Sad and Humiliating Realities of the Mimic World of the Stage.

Hester Gray is playing Amy Lee's part in "Sieba."

Aimee opens at the Fifth Avenue on December 15.

Tea variety theatres flourish, more or less, in this city.

Alta Norman has made a big hit with the Carlton Opera Company.

Lulu Delaney has married a mulatto waiter. Lulu can't be accused of being off-color.

The Frohman Brothers are interested in twenty traveling and local companies.

Heinrich Conried has left Niblo's and is awaiting the pleasure of Rudolph Aronson.

A Rochester gentleman has written a play in which he desires Gustavus Leveck to star.

"Hell Gwynne" will be produced at the Casino the day after the Presidential election.

Most of the people belonging to the Royal British Burlesque Company will return home.

Henry E. Abbey will arrive from England in a few days, but will only remain here a week.

Jessie Mansfield lives in France, and passes for a rich Cuban widow. She is known as the Flower de Few More.

Competent people say that the "Adamless Eden" company is very justly so-called, because it is not worth Adam.

"Cool Burgos says this is his last season on the stage!" It is a fearful blow, but we'll do the best we can to bear it.

The Frohmanns are going to star Dick Mansfield. They insist that he shall have his brain tapped as a preliminary condition.

Minnie Maddern is "in." It is hard to say, however, which is really the mad "in"—Minnie or Howard Taylor who wrote "Caprice."

Gus Pitou has got a new play which he calls "An Arab Abduction." Let's hope that Gus has got the necessary "sand" to make it a go.

Roland Reed has achieved an immense hit in Fred Munden's "Humbug." Good boys both, and everybody will be delighted to hear the news.

A. M. Palmer is a happy father. Little Miss Palmer is two weeks old, and her respected fathers say that on no account will she ever go upon the stage.

Cassarau's adaptation of "Lieb und Käbel" was even worse than his other adaptations, and signally proved that as a playwright he is simply beneath contempt.

There is only one "Corner Grocery" sketch on the road making money, and that is Dan Sully's. The rest are petering out in the most melancholy manner.

Elliott Barnes' old play, "The Blue and the Gray," is his new play "Ruth's Devotion." It is wonderful what a change of titles will effect in dramatic literature.

Alexander Dumas has written a new play. Fannie Davenport, Bertha Welby and Mine Jananschek all intend to be the sole owners of it before they get through.

How strange and sad it reads now: "Frank Chanfrau will revive the play of 'Mose,' in which he made his greatest hit, at the Third Avenue theatre next season."

George Fourshirts Rowe is back again, and of course threatens a new epidemic of "comedy." It can't be avoided by any known process of disinfection or fumigation.

It is a droll comment on the "swell" dresses of the stage that their "Worth costumes from Paris" are made by the American Mine Smith, of West Twenty-eighth street.

A dime museum manager in Flint, Michigan, was bitten in the hand by a large serpent. The unfortunate reptile died in a few minutes in the most appalling convulsions.

Mary Anderson's business at the London Lyceum is very, very queer. Abbey, who expected to make quite a good deal out of her a second time, is almost broken-hearted.

Jim Morrissey's latest venture in the sonnenline is a stained glass picture of Rhedeg St. Cecilia. Jim figures modestly in the background of one of the attendant virgins.

Gus Levick is the next victim. It is announced that he intends to go starring in a play written by a Rochester gentleman. There will be a corner in eggs on Levick's route.

William Harris has purchased "Called Back" from T. H. Glenny, and will produce it at Richmond, Va., Oct. 12. This will be the first presentation of the play outside of New York.

Jananschek's appeal to the public was written by A. C. Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler has had several aliases before, but this, we believe, is the first time he has hidden his identity in a petticoat.

Genevieve Ward has arrived in Melbourne. She received an enthusiastic reception, on the mistaken theory that she was the original Sphinx in an unexpectedly good state of preservation.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers is very ill at the Victoria Hotel. She used to be a very good, almost a great actress, in the early youth of the present generation. Actresses grow old fast—and never recover.

The sagacity of Manager Kelly has made Sitting Bull's engagement at the Eden Musee a tremendous "go." No theatre in town takes in as much money in three days as the Musee does in one.

Shed Shook has ceased to look upon the old Tom gin when it is white, and, in consequence, looks young and blooming. Jim Collier is quite envious of his youthful and distinguished partner.

**M. B. Curtis** has scored a big hit in spot cash. A good many small smart paragraphs love to hint that Curtis is an ignorant and mean man—whereas, in fact, he is a very generous and bright little fellow.

**The Knights** gave as their reason for not filling an engagement in York, Pennsylvania, that they had some trouble with their treasurer. Probably he refused to lend them the price of their rail-road pass.

**Clara Morris** having completely recovered from her spinal trouble is once more tearing melodrama up the back as a popular star. Her devoted husband and his inseparable tin teapot accompany her everywhere.

**Janisch** was a distinct fizz—*a dire and deadly frost*, and all the penny-a-liners (only they cost something nearer a dollar than a penny) can't reverse the popular judgment. Sargent had better throw up his hands and own a defeat.

**Elliott Barnes** is so delighted with the success of the "Artist's Daughter," that he has had three dozen photographs taken in the borrowed sealskin overcoat, which has made such an impression in the pictures of him taken previously.

**Ed. Kidder** announces that he is on his way back to America. He also declares that he is writing four new plays. The universal prayer, therefore, is that Edward may never reach these dramatically-affected shores alive and kicking.

**The young lady ushers** at the Third Avenue theatre seem to be quite hurt that they are not flirted with and insulted. There is nothing a young and pretty woman resents so much as the indifference and silence of the male.

**Belle Archer** is playing in a piece called "Cecily." Belle has had a good deal of experience with bachelors in her life, but to be the principal character in a play dealing with cecily seems to be a good deal beyond her present line.

**A pretty tough "comedy"** performance is that of Professor Gillette, and a very bright, clever and genial fellow in the business management line is Mr. J. Vanderbilte Spader. To call a spade a spade and not a Spader, the real Jay is Professor Gillette.

**Eric Bayley** is making quite an impression in "Impulse." It is even better, however, that Bayley was never an officer in the Seventeenth Lancers. Officers in the Seventeenth Lancers are usually very particular where their capital comes from.

**Laura Don**, so it is announced, will soon marry a Spanish nobleman. He is a Spanish "fly" nobleman, and has been introduced to George Gould, who will give the bride away. Eight of Laura's ex-husbands and devotees will follow her to the altar.

**Suffering Isaac!** If the Holy Madison Square theatre hasn't "put up" a play in which a bold, bad man gets f—l, uses the word d—n, and hints that he's quite a fellow after the g—is! The end of the world can't be very postponed after that!

**Jim Williamson** evidently cherishes a burning and a bitter hatred of Australia. At least we are forced to that conclusion by the fact that although the Australians always treated him kindly, Jim talks of taking Ed. Rice for a tour of the island continent.

**The new "theatrical robbery"** racket only involves a small sum. It is bad form for an actress to be bereft of more than \$20 at a time by the usual hotel thief. Perhaps the figures are put low because nowadays even \$20 is a fortune in the hands of an actress.

**Gunter's D. A. M. Company** went to pieces in Harrisburg, Pa., two weeks ago. It is to be hoped that this is the end of Gunter—one of the most objectionable, noisy, fatigued and incompetent pretenders to the name of playwright who ever "worked the jinkins."

**Eric Bayley** is in a very nervous and timid condition for a fellow who used to be a full-fledged captain in her Majesty's Seventeenth Lancers. His "junk" is all the fanner when one learns that it is occasioned by news of Lloyd Arthur's return to America.

**The quarrel between Ellen and Henry Irving** has been temporarily made up. Both the distinguished parties to the row saw that they would each lose by the other's opposition—and the great American dollar bill has once more been put to use as a court-plaster.

**Helen Blithe** is to go on the road under El. Clayburgh's management. Clayburgh is the handsome and quick-witted coming American manager who made his wife's reputation for her as Lillian Spencer, and who, in due time, will be running a successful theatre.

**The frantic desire of a Providence audience** to kill Gunter on sight as an expiation of D. A. M., was only restrained by a general doubt as to his mental condition. The next "play" he takes through New England, however, will insure his early and unlamented decease.

**Sammy Grau**, who, hitherto, has been a perfect Jonah, seems to have experienced a change in the other direction with Aimee. "Ma'amsele," a compound commuted dislocation of several farce comedies, has made an immense hit, and Sammy Grau is correspondingly happy.

**Alice is raising her second crop** of Oates in Schubaker's Ideal Opera Company. People who saw her twenty years ago say she is just the same Alice Oates she was then. This is very interesting, but highly improbable intelligence. Alice usually doubles in weight and diameter every three years.

**Charlie Chatterton**, brother of Johnny Chatterton, otherwise known as Signor Perugini, has succeeded in collaring the maiden affections of Emma Nevada Wixon. Her pa, Dr. Wixon, protests on the ground that, being a cripple, Mr. Charles Perugini Chatterton hasn't any visible means of support.

**Mrs. Langtry** is to appear in London in conjunction with Charles Coghlan in the play of "Serge Panine." It will be remembered as the drama which was so formidable a failure at Daly's theatre a couple of years since. It must be much altered to prove acceptable even in London, where they stand a good deal.

**Poor silly, addle-pated Villyum 'Orace Linard'**. He announces that he will soon play the great American success, the "Rajah," in London. Villyum 'Orace has been threatening to do this for some time—

and he will be the worst left man in London when he carries out his threat. But then it's a threat he has made at least six times in two years.

**Ned Thorne** narrowly missed breaking a blood-vessel the other day. He read in a dramatic paper that "a few more actors on the stage of Mr. Thorne's scholarly temperament and highly-educated mentality would contribute greatly toward raising the intellectual position of the drama." It was obscure, but it was big taffy all the same.

**The so-called "critics"** are making many an honest penny this season, what with Jananschek pamphlets and Janisch pronouncements, and Minnie Maddern rhapsodies. Meanwhile the honest men of the newspapers look on open-mouthed. "Criticism" is a safe and profitable trade if you only know how to carry it on and collect your money.

**The Eden Musee** is backed by no less a person than "Lucky" Baldwin. Baldwin's profits at present come entirely from the Sitting Bull engagement whereof W. W. Kelly is the manager. Kelly's brains make money for other people—but, contrary to the usual rule in such cases made and provided, he also makes money for himself incidentally.

**John A. Stevens** has positively retired from the management of the New Park theatre. He took his twelve pictures away with him, and the local atmosphere is less lurid in consequence. Unless he gets knocked out by a rival tornado, John intends to play havoc with the wild West mostly. He has another play in his trunk almost equal to "Unknown."

**Mary Anderson's "hit"** in London is entirely one of "shape." The newspapers declare that as an artist she is a pitiful disappointment. But everybody admits that, as an American curiosity, "Ham" Griffin is simply worth twice the price of admission to his gifted stepdaughter's show. "Ham," by the way, has not visited Germany yet for fear of the stringent laws which refer to the American hog.

**If a bright, faithful, genial and accomplished business manager** be all that is necessary to make the new Lyceum a phenomenal triumph, its future is already established—for the Frohmanns have engaged Wesley Simon, late of the Madison Square, to be the general manager of the new enterprise. Simon is as clever as he is modest, which is a very unusual thing.

**Lillian Cleves Clark** is still clinging on to life with her finger-nails. She interrupted a performance of "Her Atonement" at the Jamestown opera house in order to be seen by the audience in the act of presenting a bouquet to one of the performers. Lillian, by the way, who, taking it into her head that Clara Morris owes her success to opium, has tackled the bounding hypodermic with rapturous enthusiasm these late years.

**It is hard to get hold of a column of theatrical news**, nowadays, without discovering that Howe & Hummel are conducting a libel suit for this artist, a divorce case for that and a copyright litigation for the other. There are no two more industrious theatrical lawyers in the business than Howe & Hummel, and litigation among actors and authors would be worse than dull without them.

**Kate Forsythe**, who is, to put it mildly, quite as much responsible for John McCullough's condition as any other woman on the stage, has given no signs of grief or regret. On the other hand, Helen Tracy, whom McCullough treated very badly, and who had every reason to remember him with feelings of indignation and resentment, faithfully and loyally stood by him in his sad extremity.

**Old H. H. D'Arcy**, Bertha Welby's manager, got married last week. His first wife was Ethel Lynton, who has had several husbands since she shook him. One of the bridesmaids was the ancient and infirm, but always fascinating Martha O'Reilly Cutler Welby herself. She behaved wonderfully well, considering her advanced age and debility. Contrary to report, Miss Welby has not lost all her faculties but is in quite a nice state of preservation.

**"Those who have read Nelson Wheatcroft's new society drama,** in which Adeline Stanhope will star, speak very highly of the piece, and predict its success. The play will be produced at the close of the season of 1884-5, when Mr. Wheatcroft's professional duties will allow him to direct the rehearsals. We understand Mr. Wheatcroft is considering offers from several managers to back the venture."—Contributed by Nelson Wheatcroft, Esq.

**What a Godsend** the celebrated Russell family must be to the transatlantic steamship lines! They are always going to Europe or coming back from Europe or buying their tickets either one way or the other. Last week "Tommy Russell and Mrs. Russell" (mother of Annie and Marion) returned from England. Next week the paragraph will take another shape and read "Tommy Russell, accompanied by Mrs. Russell (mother of Annie and Marion Russell) will sail for Liverpool on the —th of —."

**Mr. George M. Cipriano** denies that he ever was a barber. There is a George M. Cipriano in San Francisco whose father was a barber before him, and who used to practice the art of easy shaving—at a quarter a shave—on his own account. This barber, Cipriano, is an alleged playwright and a good deal of a crank generally. If our protesting correspondent is not that Cipriano he must be an altogether different Cipriano—albeit we strongly suspect that the ex-barber and the man who says he never was a barber are one and the same person.

**The Frohman boys** ought to and will succeed. A good many bliped jackasses have ascribed the cordiality with which they are spoken of in the newspapers to the unbalanced influence of a certain number of ten-dollar bills. Rubbish! No newspaper man who gets to know the Frohmanns and understands their sensible way of doing things can fail to admire their sagacity and enterprise. For example, next season they are not going to waste their money on "wall paper," but are going to put it in newspaper advertising. They argue with great wisdom that the only announcement of a play that really attracts people is that which they see in their daily journals. Surely there isn't any great wonder in the fact that newspaper men who know them like them.

**HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,**  
VALUABLE IN INDIGESTION.  
Dr. DANIEL T. NELSON, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in over-worked cases."

## JACK BLAKELY.

## THE TELEGRAPH BOY.

## CHAPTER I.

## A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE AND A STRANGE RECEPTION.

Tick, tick, tick! Tick, tick, tick! It was the click of the telegraph instrument.

The operator who was taking the message wrote it out mechanically as the words came over the wire without thought as to their sense or meaning.

When the signal came to "close" he shut off the wire, and, leaning back in his chair, he put his hands behind his head and gazed at the ceiling with a listless, tired air.

"By the Lord! that's a queer sort of a message, though," he muttered to himself, after a few minutes.

Then he picked up the message and read it.

It was as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 2, 188—.

"To William Tuggs, — Bleeker Street, New York:

"Shoot the hat. Elivens blocked. Gobble the wire kid—tap the ticker and queer chief. Pretty Poll split. Blunt safe if moll nipped—

"SOL."

"Well, that's too much for me," the operator said, as he handed the paper on which he had taken off the message to the boy whose duty it was to copy it before it was sent to the delivery department to be written in proper form on the regular blanks.

"Some stock affair, I suppose, or some quiet little operation in wheat. These cipher messages are awfully puzzling."

The message was copied and with others handed to the delivery clerk.

"First!"

This brought to his feet a young lad who had been sitting on a bench in the rear of the room, with some other boys.

He was a bright young fellow, possessing an open, honest face, and a clear bright eye. He was tall for his age, which was a little over fifteen, and his frame was well put together, indicating a strength beyond his years.

His name was Jack Blakely—a genuine New York boy, born and brought



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MISS FANNY BEANE.

[Photo by Hallen.]

**Fanny Beane.**

Miss Fanny Beane is the daughter of George Beane, who achieved distinction in the character of *Pantalone* in pantomime. She first came into prominence at the Olympic theatre, where she appeared as *Ondine* during the late Geo. L. Fox's inimitable performance of "Humpty Dumpty." She devoted some time to appearing in pantomime and then branched off into the variety business, in which, in connection with her partner, Mr. Chas. Gilday, she has met with great success. She is a bright and clever little lady, with auburn hair, and her experience as a pantomimist and dancer add much to her grace of action and the agility of her pretty feet. She and her partner present an attractive act, and are always in demand at the best variety theatres.

THOMAS C. TOLER,  
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE HOT SPRINGS, ARK.,  
POLICE.

that, in many cases, the laundry of the Mongolian is a mere "cover" for other and less legitimate business, and the chief has had his eye upon several of those places.

Acting upon the knowledge gained in former tours of inspection, at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Oct 5, Chief Bell, accompanied only by two citizens, went to the laundry at the northeast corner of Mulberry and Mechanic streets, kept by Hop Gee. The chief, leaving his friends on the sidewalk, entered the place, and discovered a party of Chinese gambling. Drawing his revolver he ordered all present to remain seated, and sent one of his friends to the station-house for the re-

serve.

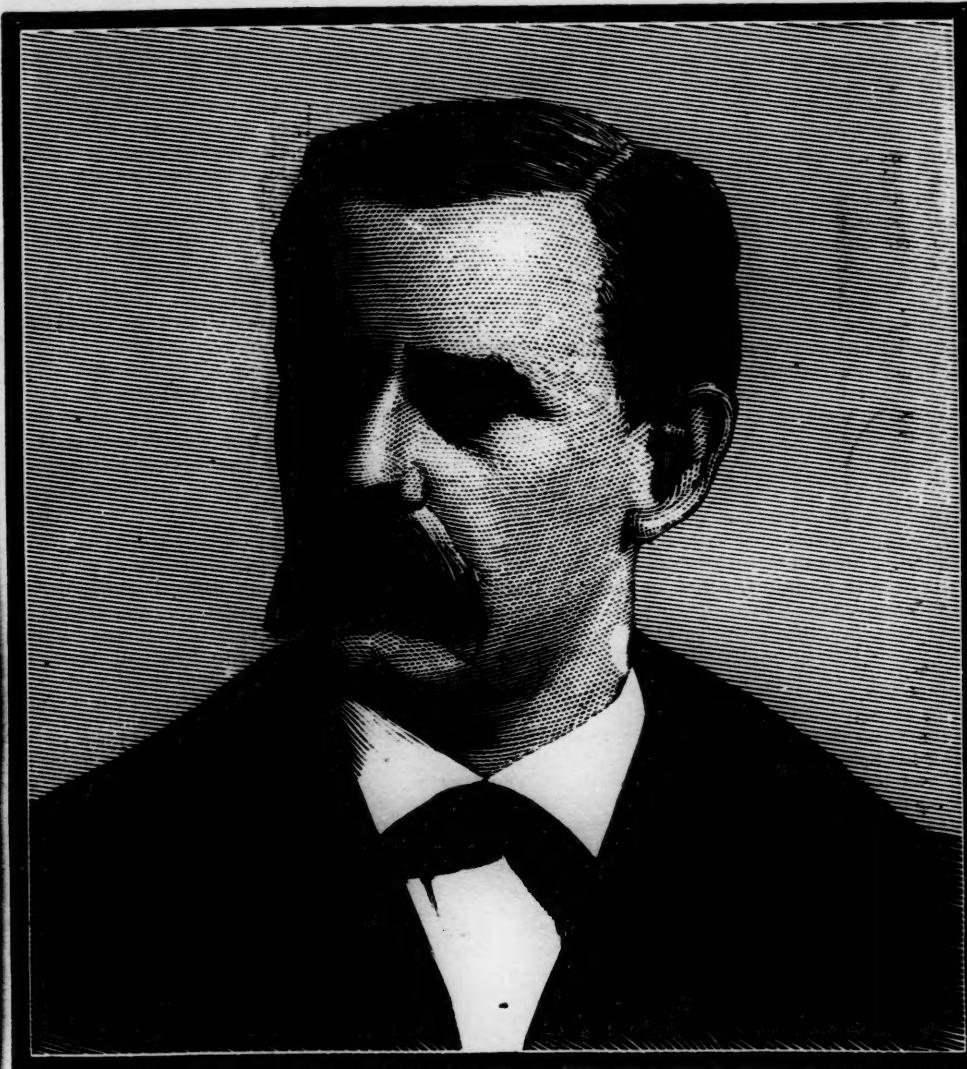
Upon the arrival of the officers from the station-house, Chief Bell procured a clothes-line with which he tied in a long row the two dozen inmates of the house, and thus fettered they were marched to the station-house.

THE maxim, "Creep before you run," must have originated with a darkey on a melon patch.

CLAYTON E. NEWBOLD,  
ACCUSED OF HAVING RUN AWAY WITH MRS.  
DAVIDSON, HIS BUSINESS PARTNER'S WIFE.MRS. KATE DAVIDSON,  
THE WIFE OF A NEW YORK BROKER, WHO  
CAUGHT THE ELOPEMENT FEVER.

ROPING IN THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

HOW THE POLICE OF NEWARK, N. J., MARCHED A GANG OF MOON-EYED MONGOLIAN GAMBLERS TO THE COOLER.



MAJOR EDWARD TYNAN,

A GALLANT SOLDIER OF THE LATE WAR, WHO DIED WHILE SERVING AS CAPTAIN ON THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.

**A Man's Best Friend.**

Policeman Carter, of the Fifth street station, brought Charles Gresch into the Jefferson Market Court the other morning. The prisoner led an enormous mastiff by a chain. The mastiff and prisoner appeared to be very much attached to each other, and the court officers permitted the prisoner to keep the animal by his side when he was arraigned before Justice Reilly.

Policeman Carter told the Court that he found the prisoner lying drunk upon Avenue A at 1 o'clock with the mastiff standing guard over him.

"I tried to get at the man to wake him up, but the brute would not allow me to come near him at first, and it was not until I deposited my club upon the sidewalk that I was permitted to touch the man. When I set him upon his feet the mastiff appeared to re-

gard me as a friend, and I had no difficulty in getting him to the station-house."

The man and dog were discharged upon the payment of \$5 fine.

**Major Edward Tynan.**

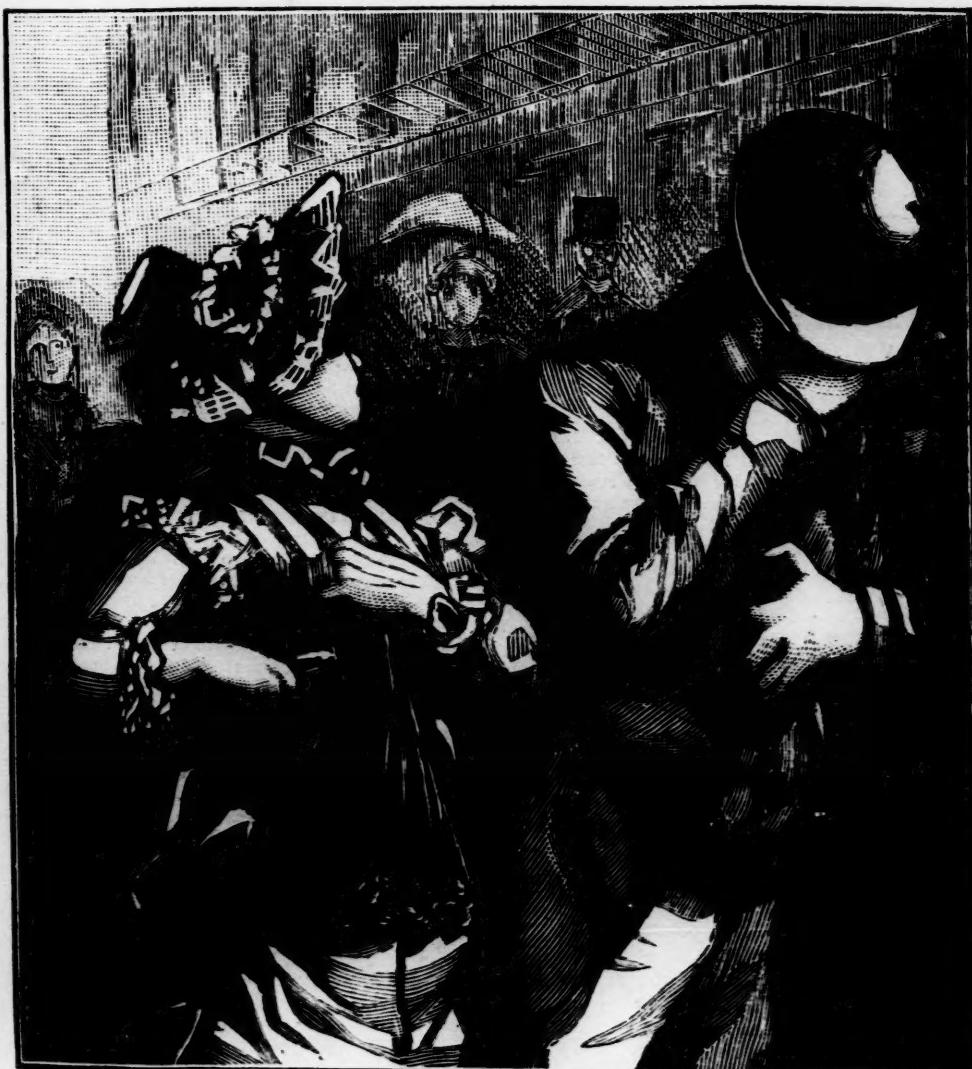
Police Captain Edward Tynan died at a quarter to two o'clock on the morning of Oct. 8 at his residence, No. 140 East Nineteenth street, of typhoid malaria. Deceased was born Nov. 30, 1841, in the City of Hudson, Columbia county, New York State. He served through the whole of the late war, going out as a private in the One Hundred and Forty-first New York and returning with the rank of major. On March 5, 1867, he was appointed on the police force and was detailed to the Seventeenth precinct, in which he remained until promoted to roundman on March 7, 1868. August 30, 1870, he was promoted to the position of sergeant, and March 19, 1872, was made captain and assigned to the



RIDING WITH A LUNATIC.

MR. WILLIAM BUNN'S UNCOMFORTABLE EXPERIENCE WITH A CRANK WHO INSISTED ON A FREE RIDE, AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Tenth precinct (Eldridge street station). Since then Capt. Tynan has been in command of the precinct, in which he has been for the past five years, at the time of his death. He was a man of courteous and kindly instincts. His widow



A RED-HOT LOVE POTION.

HOW A FORSAKEN DAMSEL ATTEMPTED TO REGAIN THE AFFECTION OF A RECREANT LOVER BY USING A MAGIC LIQUID WHICH PROVED TO BE VITRIOL.



A MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

HOW A FAITHFUL MASTIFF GUARDED HIS DRUNKEN MASTER AND ASSISTED AN OFFICER IN TAKING HIM TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

## CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

## A Few of the Minor and More Humorous Happenings of the Week.

Last week the POLICE GAZETTE alluded, in this column, to the extraordinary tendency of the Italians of New York to contract early marriages. Since that article was printed, three or four new cases have occurred to illustrate the ease and coolness with which our macecaronivorous fellow-citizens violate the marriage-laws of the State of New York.

## THE ITALIAN CHILD-MOTHER.

The natural result of precocious wedlock among the Italians is precocious motherhood. A little girl not more than thirteen years old trudged past the POLICE GAZETTE office the other day, barefooted and hunch-backed. A baby almost as big as herself sprawled

with different kinds of game. The reporter called at the market an hour later, and found that there had been an unusual run on wild fowl during the evening.



THEY HAD BEEN THERE.

About three months since Mr. George Benson, who is only twenty-three years of age, built the saloon at the junction of Pearl street and New Bowery. It was fitted up in great style, the facade being especially handsome. This stood out three feet from the saloon, and was of mahogany, the doors being of fancy glass. Next door to the saloon is the butcher-store of Mr. James Kirby, who opposed the building of the facade long before it was begun, and when the matter was still in contemplation.

When the permit was asked for he opposed it, and since that time has made frequent visits to the offices of the Inspector of Buildings and Bureau of Incumbrances, asking that it be taken down, and holding that it shut out the light and air from his store, made his meat stale, and prevented people from seeing his place until they were almost opposite it.

## THE INCUMBRANCE IS REMOVED.

Mingling in picturesque confusion amidst the ruins of a once-glorious free lunch, in Pearl street, that evening, lay numerous splinters of mahogany wood, pieces of glass, bits of plaster and a heterogeneous collection of nails, corks, etc. Overturned tables and chairs were heaped up near by, while against the handsomely-papered wall rested about half a dozen glass doors, all cracked and broken. The gas chandeliers, which were still intact, threw their light boldly far out into both New Bowery and Pearl street, for the doors that had once kept the police from peering in were no more.

At a little after 12 o'clock a number of men from the Department of Incumbrances and Obstruction called at the saloon and informed Mr. Benson that it was their unpleasant duty to tear down the handsome glass and mahogany fronts of the place facing the two streets near the junction of which the place is. Then they got to work. In two minutes the place looked like an animated menagerie with all the animals let loose at once, and a crowd stood about the doors urging on the vandals. The men from the Bureau lost no time in knocking things down generally and carrying them



## SPORTING SCENES.

## Some of the Late Humorous and Exciting Incidents on Track and Turf.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

The sporting world contributed quite a good deal of variety last week to the picturesque department of journalism. Our first sketch shows Mr. Berg's special officer, Evans, in the act of stopping Jim McGowan from starting for a steeplechase at Jerome Park, on the ground that he had a sore back. He found the horse near the starting-point and ordered the saddle taken off. During some discussion which followed this action, information was conveyed to the judges' stand, then occupied by Messrs. Withers and Munson, and they promptly ordered the regular police under Inspector Dilks to arrest Officer Evans, which they did, amid the derisive shouts and jeers of many in the crowd present. Those who saw the horse unsaddled said that the horse's back was sore. The affair, however, is certain to bring on a conflict between Mr. Berg and the Jockey Club, which the former has long been on the lookout for a chance to bring about, claiming that horses are often cruelly treated, both on the flat and in steeplechases, which the Jockey Club have combated, saying he had no jurisdiction at Jerome Park.

Our second sketch illustrates the bar-room brawl with which the English bicyclists, Howell and Sellers, wound up their American tour.

In the third sketch, the incident is illustrated of the attack of the French mob on the English jockey, Sharpe, at the Longchamps races. On Oct. 5, they pulled him off his horse, and, while on the ground, kicked and beat him. The horse was also injured by blows from sticks, stones and umbrellas. Sharpe was carried into the weighing enclosure in a critical condition.

A violent riot followed, the mob breaking into the inclosure. At this point the soldiers on duty were compelled to guard the place from the infuriated crowd, one of whom was seized by three jockeys and only escaped lynching by the intervention of the police. The jockeys had already stripped the fellow's clothes off, and were about to hang him.

The weighing-room was besieged by the rioters for half an hour. Another English jockey was maltreated, and narrowly escaped in a cab.

Our fourth illustration is of the arrest of the Dead-Head Hill, signal-man at Jerome Park, who was charged with collecting a crowd by bawling out the names of the winning horses in the interest of the book-makers.

Our fifth sketch shows a bad runaway on the Philadelphia track, and our sixth, the desperate game of lacrosse played at Montreal by the Shamrocks and Torontos.

## A MASHER FROM SYRACUSE.

Miss Harris, a friend of Jennie Sherman, the young girl who eloped from Syracuse, N. Y., with a young printer named Ferguson, and who were followed to New York by the girl's father, has surrendered a letter which she received from Jennie, who is in New York. When Miss Harris heard that Jennie's father had employed detectives to watch the New York Post-office, in the hope of catching his daughter, she telephoned to Jennie advising her not to go after her letters. The letter which Miss Harris surrendered reads as follows:

"Have not had a very pleasant time here of late. I am not staying at the house of Mrs. Shannon now. I could not stay there at all, it was so dirty. I stayed there from Saturday till Tuesday and could not stay there any longer. I did not have any words with her at all. I went away Tuesday morning. I made a mess and he was a stunner. He was a young fellow traveling for his health, which was very poor. The next day I went to Central Park and a fellow was riding in one of these nice rigs—you know, one of those high-toned rigs with a 'rigger' behind. He asked me if I wanted to ride, and I told him that I did. So he stopped, and I went riding in the park. It was lovely. I wish you were here. It is lonely without you."

"I read it in the *World* about my going away from home. If I had the paper I would send it to you. This afternoon I am going for work if I can get any here. It is quite hard. Write me all the news from home and how my folks take it. I have no money to send you: all I have is a few cents. It costs like fury to live in New York. I am in a hurry now, and cannot write more at present. I am going to the Star theatre; they want some girls there at present. I can't write any more now, at all. Give my love to all my friends."

"Yours in trouble, JENNIE."

## A BOSS SWINDLER.

An audacious swindle, whereby a confiding Boston millionaire has been relieved of \$30,000, has been exposed. The victim is Ira T. Litchfield, and the alleged swindler is one Charles H. Foster. In 1873, Foster was sent to State Prison for playing a confidence game to the tune of \$70,000 on an old gentleman named Chadwick. He was pardoned out, however, in 1877, and went into the livery business. Mr. Litchfield was worth \$2,000,000 when he first made his acquaintance. They formed a copartnership, to which Litchfield contributed money and Foster experience. This was in 1877 or 1878. Foster is alleged by the police to have stocked the stable with blooded horses and fine equipages, for all of which Litchfield paid hard cash. During the continuance of the partnership he bought 198 horses, carriages, etc., of which Mr. Litchfield now holds a bill of sale. He holds nothing else, however, for Foster has gone, and nothing is left but the walls of the barn. The horses and carriages have all been mortgaged first, and then sold, and, in addition, Mr. Litchfield has been duped into paying his partner for a lot of new turnouts which the latter pretended to have purchased. The total amount of Foster's booty is said to be \$80,000.

## JERSEY CATCHES ON.

Jersey City has added another to the list of elopements, the parties being a Mrs. Hall, of No. 3 Corbin avenue, and Henry Odell, of the same place. Mrs. Hall appears to have been a woman who loved not wisely but promiscuously. Her husband is an engineer on the steamer Lampassos, of the New York and Galveston Line. When Hall returned from one of his trips about six months ago he learned that his wife had formed a rather intimate acquaintance with two policemen. To remove

her from temptation he changed his residence and went to board with Odell and his wife. They had not been there long before Mrs. Odell began to suspect that her husband was unduly intimate with the new boarder. Odell denied the charge, but his wife continued to watch, and soon had her suspicions more than confirmed. When Hall returned she informed him of what she had seen, and a day or two after he surprised the guilty pair in a compromising situation.

That night Odell and Mrs. Hall disappeared and have not since been seen. Mrs. Hall leaves three children behind her. Odell also has three children. His wife has commenced proceedings for divorce. Hall, it is understood, had done the same thing before he sent Mrs. Hall to board with the Odells, as he has never lived there with her.

## THE BUZZARD GANG AGAIN.

At a meeting of the Board of Inspectors of the Lancaster, Pa., County Jail, held a few days ago, a letter written by one of the convicts was submitted, disclosing a desperate plan to raid the jail there. In a few weeks Joe Buzzard, a brother of Abe Buzzard, leader of the Welsh Mountain gang, of which Joe is a member; Billy Weider and Diller Clark, all long-term convicts, will be released, their term being then at an end. Knowing this, Eli Heiney, a member of the same gang, recently sentenced to a long term, induced a cell-mate named Spangler, whose term will also shortly expire, to write a letter, he himself being unable to write. Spangler wrote the letter, which is addressed to Abe and Joe Buzzard, but afterward "weakened" and gave it over to Deputy Keeper Stauffer.

The letter gives a list of names of people on the mountain whom Heiney wants the Buzzards to visit and induce to swear that Detective Bartholomew, of Philadelphia, who caused Heiney's arrest, had told them that he swore falsely against the writer and that he did it to make money. This, he thinks, will release him legally, after which he promises to join the boys in a raid on the jail to release Abe Buzzard and other desperadoes of the gang now confined there. The plan of the raid, which was not committed to paper, was also disclosed by Spangler. After the convict, whose terms are about to expire, should be released, they were to visit Abe Buzzard, handcuff him, and taking him to the gate of the Lancaster county prison late at night, claim that they had captured the outlaw. The gates open, Buzzard's friends were to rush in, overpower and gag the night-watchmen, there being only two, and possessing themselves of the keys release their associates in crime and make a general jail delivery. The plan so opportunely disclosed was a very feasible one, as constables from the country frequently deliver prisoners late at night. Heiney also told Spangler of a place where wagon-loads of stolen goods are hidden—High Rock cave, a secluded spot on the mountain three miles east of Ephrata.

## ROUTING THE TRAMPS.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

The peaceful residents of the neighborhood of Rye and Portchester, N. Y., have been lately living in fear of a gang of tramps who had taken up their quarters in the rocks near the New York & New Haven Railroad. They have prowled about nights committing all sorts of petty depredations, such as robbing hen-roosts and cellars, terrifying women, frightening children and threatening men who refused to feed them. A party of them had established a regular camp on ground belonging to Mr. W. D. Beck, proprietor of the Rye Beach Hotel, believing that that genial host would take no steps to dispossess them. But complaints were made to the authorities by some of the timid citizens, and one day last week Constables Stillwell and Gaffney made a raid on the vagabonds. In the camp were cooking utensils, dishes, knives and ax, some old pieces of bed-clothing, a pile of straw and some boards placed over the cave-shaped rocks to keep the rain off.

The tramps thought they would have a little fun with the police, and a lively scrimmage ensued, the constables being aided by some worthy citizens. After a rough-and-tumble fight, four of the tramps were arrested and have been provided with winter quarters at White Plains.

## FEARFUL VENGEANCE.

A frightful tragedy took place at Newaygo, Mich., on Oct. 5. Abia J. Armstrong had a good-looking wife and a two-year-old child. For a few weeks a boarder named George Bates, from Big Rapids, had been observed to have an intimacy with Mrs. Armstrong which ought not to exist except between married parties. This excited suspicion, and the husband resolved to watch the parties and see if there was any improper intimacy. He found the two in his wife's bedroom together. Mrs. Armstrong told Bates to go and get a revolver, when they would finish her husband. He grabbed the sleeping child and started for the revolver. Armstrong seized an ax, and his wife grappled with him. As he swung the ax back its blade struck her in the throat and her head was nearly severed. He then went down stairs and met Bates coming up with the revolver. Bates chased him toward the outside door, when Armstrong turned and struck him a terrible blow across the side of the head, felling him. The murderer appeared crazed by excitement, for he went to the Prosecuting Attorney's office and demanded a warrant for Bates. When the officers went to the house both Bates and Mrs. Armstrong were found dead on the floor and the little child was lying in the blood of the two victims.

## A STEP FROM STARVATION TO RICHES.

In St. Louis, Mo., a Canadian, Louis P. Albman, residing in a room at 325 Spruce street, was the happiest man last night. To a reporter he said: "I was out of work and money. I borrowed \$1 from the barkeeper at DeVota's saloon, on Fourth street, and bought a fifth of ticket No. 70,468, in the Sept. 9th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. My family ran out of food, and I offered the ticket for fifteen cents—no one would buy. When I received the drawing-list, and found I had drawn \$15,000, my wife and brothers who had scolded me, immediately recognized my ability, and congratulated me heartily. I once sold a ticket in this same lottery, after paying \$1 for it, six years ago, for \$3, and it drew \$5,000 the next day."—*St. Louis (Mo.) Republican*, Sept. 18.



over her shoulder and played with her coil of luxuriant hair. It was her own child—born to her at a period when other little girls are going to school and as ignorant of the functions and responsibilities of maternity as they are of the Pandects of Justinian.

Twelve days ago two men and six dogs entered the Grand Central Depot. Those familiar with the men of the day at once recognised the pair as John Gallagher, the sedate sergeant of the Fifth street police, and his bosom friend, Hugh Cummings, of First avenue. Their faces were wreathed in smiles as they sauntered up to the ticket-office.

"We're going to Connecticut. Give us the pasteboards," said the sergeant, as he planked a \$20 gold piece on the ledge.

"Now, I'm footin' this part of the entertainment," said Cummings, as he matched the sergeant's double eagle.

"What part of Connecticut?" mildly inquired the ticket-seller.

"Don't care," said Cummings. "So long as it's wild and desolate and's got some woods and a river or two."

"Now I'll tell you," chimed in the sergeant, in a burst of confidence. "We're in for a couple of weeks' hunting, and as Connecticut's about the only State we ain't already killed something in, we thought we'd kinder like to try our luck there. So if you'll just hand out some cards that'll plant us where there's a few duck and some deer and a smattering of quail or an alligator or two and a bear if possible, them's just the tickets we'd like to pay for."

"I see; you want to go to the eastern part of the northern end of the center of the State, just a trifle to the south," said the agent, as he passed out a pair of \$5 tickets. The huntmen started off to superintend the transfer of two rifles, a pair of double-barreled shot-guns, a keg of powder, four bags of shot and a couple of hundredweight of miscellaneous ammunition, knives, revolvers, etc., from the express wagon standing outside the door of a freight-car.

## TAKING A HORN.

Neither fur nor feather did either of them bring back, and the only token they had of their trip was a cow's horn, shot by the sergeant off an animal which Hugh forced him to believe was a deer. The beast otherwise escaped without injury, and the horn is to be placed in the station museum along with safe-picks,



Jimmies and other such trophies left behind by burglars, who, like the cow, did not wait to pick them up.

Near First avenue and Sixth street, the Connecticut sportsmen met Sergeant Willseng, also of the Seventeenth precinct. He had a pretty heavy bag slung over his shoulder and carried a gun under his arm. The bag contained a pair of red-head ducks, a mallard and black duck, three railbirds and a brace of snipe.

"Why, where have you been?" asked the nutmeg gunners.

"Oh, just had a little run through the swamps over in Jersey," replied the sergeant, as he passed on.

The two glanced inquiringly at one another, and by an instinct which was mutual moved toward the Tompkins Market. When seen later, on the way to their respective residences, they were loaded down

## THE CRAZE OF THE DAY.

## Alarming Spread of the Elopement Fever.

## Maids and Matrons All Over the Land Skipping Off With their Affinities.

Oh, Victoria! Oh, Ernest! What you two have to answer for. Ever since you skipped from Yonkers an epidemic has infested the land, more or less due to the infection of your billing and cooing.

Miss Ella E. Hubbard, youngest daughter of ex-Gov. Richard D. Hubbard, deceased, who some four years ago ran off to Springfield, Mass., with Frederick Sheppard, her father's coachman, inspired by the Morosini-Schelling affair, made another break in the same direction on Sept. 25, and was again married. The bridegroom in this case was Clark Smedley, an expressman of New Haven.

While the ceremony was being performed a number of coachmen and hack-drivers testified their interest in the affair by assembling in front of the house and trying to glean the particulars of the case. Their special interest was due to the fact of their friendship for Sheppard, the former coachman of the Hubbard family and now the divorced husband of the bride.

After the clandestine marriage with Sheppard, the coachman, the ex-Governor refused to be reconciled. He cared less for the obscure character of Sheppard than for the fact that his prettiest and best-loved daughter had deceived him. Her dissimulation cut him to the heart. He refused to see his daughter and would not permit her to return to his house. Mrs. Hubbard, however, assisted the daughter, and soon after the marriage Sheppard and his wife went to New Haven to live. There the ex-coachman set up a livery stable. His young and pretty wife, however, could not settle down and be contented as a livery stable keeper's wife. She drove a pony phaeton about the city a great deal, and soon attracted the admiration of students and other gentlemen of leisure. People began to talk of her indiscretion, and finally the husband became jealous, a quarrel ensued, and soon after that a divorce was obtained by the wife.

On Monday, Sept. 22, Chas. F. Kennedy eloped from St. Louis with the wife of a man named Ballou. The husband followed the pair to Alton, where a fight occurred between him and Kennedy, and both were locked up. Kennedy was released and found Mrs. Ballou waiting for him. The pair immediately resumed their journey. The injured husband still languishes in jail, unable to pay \$5 and costs. Ballou is a driver on the Olive street car line in St. Louis. He says that he put his wife on the car just ahead of the one he was driving on Saturday afternoon, having given her \$5 with which to pay the rent of the house they were living in. She did not return that evening and he began a search for her. On Monday he learned through an employee of a large jewelry firm that she had run away with Kennedy. Kennedy had telegraphed from Alton to this friend at the jewelers' for money. Ballou took the telegram and answered it himself, saying that he would be in Alton that evening, and signed the friend's name to the answer. It was in this way that the two men came together and fought.

On the trial a remarkable state of affairs was revealed. Ballou declared that the woman was his wife, and to support it produced a marriage certificate showing that Charles Ballou was married to Mamie Bartlett on Sept. 22, 1878, by Justice Spies, in South St. Louis. Mrs. Ballou, however, declared that on that date, before the same Justice, she was united in marriage to some one else, whose name she refused to divulge. She said she did not live with her husband very long, but went to live with Ballou, and, to make it appear legal, at his request she erased his husband's name in the marriage certificate and inserted that of Ballou. Her story appears to be correct, as the certificate shows that it has been tampered with, and Ballou's name is written in a cramped hand, evidently intended to be similar to the rest of the certificate.

The woman is young and quite pretty. She has brown eyes and an almost babyish face. She was dressed in a close-fitting black suit, with black turban hat, and has borne herself with a quiet, modest demeanor. She says she doesn't love Ballou any more, and that she intends to live with Kennedy.

Charles Bassett, son of a poor widow, and Mrs. Lida Weaver, widow of Thomas B. Weaver, eloped from Urbana, Ohio, on Sept. 27. Bassett is a boyish-looking youth of twenty, earning a small salary as clerk in a retail shoe store. He has no property nor expectations. Mrs. Weaver is forty, but commanding beauty: tall, straight, well rounded in figure, black eyes and hair, and expressive countenance. During Mr. Weaver's life she had all she desired in the way of dress and personal adornments, and her good taste gave her the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in Urbana. Bassett gave out that he was going to Illinois to visit friends. He took the train to Westville, near by, where Mrs. Weaver met him in a carriage. Dismissing her carriage, another was procured to take them to Piqua, where they took the train.

On Wednesday Sept. 10, Mrs. Lida Bennett, wife of Mr. Britton M. Bennett, of Seaport, N. J., eloped with Thomas Wells, who had been boarding with the family for some time past. An intimacy had existed between Wells and Mrs. Bennett for some little time, it appears, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion on the part of the husband. Wells left Sea Plain on Tuesday evening, stating to Mr. Bennett that he was going to New York in search of employment. Mrs. Bennett acted strangely on that evening, which was noticed by her husband, who attributed it to an attack of nervous headache, of which she complained, and from which cause she made it appear that she was unable to prepare his breakfast. Mr. Bennett got breakfast ready and then called his wife, who took of a portion with him, and, after the usual farewell kiss, he departed to his work. It is supposed that his wife took a train shortly after he left, and that she met Wells, according to appointment, at some place on the road between Spring Lake and New York. She took with her everything of value that she could carry. Wells' trunk (which he took with him), it is supposed was well filled with wearing apparel, silverware, etc. No cause is assigned for Mrs. Bennett's rash act, as it is said the couple have lived happily together since their marriage, eleven years ago. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Bennett, who, it is stated, gave his wife all his earnings, and some time ago, at her solicitation, transferred to her a deed of his property. He will at once apply for a divorce.

On Oct. 1 Troy caught the coachman's fever. In

this case the bride was Miss Emma Simmons, the adopted daughter of William J. Simmons, a retired knit-goods manufacturer, and the husband William B. Bartholomew, who has been employed as coachman by Mr. Simmons for a few months. Mr. Simmons resides in a handsome villa near the Oakwood Cemetery, but is out of town much of the time.

Miss Simmons is the niece of her adopted father, and she was regarded as his heiress. She was frequently thrown in Bartholomew's company, and they became deeply attached to one another. After the Morosini elopement that case was frequently the subject of discussion between the pair. To use Bartholomew's language:

"We laughed over it at first, but finally it occurred to me that it was about the proper caper."

Frank Hopper, a barber, went to Newburgh from New York short time ago to work in the shop of Philip Schneider. He soon made the acquaintance of Frances, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Julius Hoffman, proprietor of the City Hotel. Frances, though young, is well-developed and handsome, and the acquaintance soon ripened into love. The parents of the girl opposed Hopper's attention. About a month ago Hopper removed to Cornwall, six miles distant, and opened a barber-shop. He came to Newburgh several times to see the girl, but was coldly received by her parents. On Sept. 30 Frances was missing.

The girl's father went to Cornwall and there found the girl in company with Hopper. He induced her to return home with him and warned Hopper never to again cross the threshold of his house. After the arrival home of father and daughter cross-questioning revealed facts which made the irate father change his mind. In consequence he made another trip to Cornwall and visited Hopper, the result of which will be a wedding ceremony.

Finding that Miss Simmons was willing, Bartholomew decided to get married. Accordingly on Friday evening the couple went to the parsonage of the Lutheran Church and were married by the Rev. Mr. Belderbecke, and then returned home as though nothing had happened. Then Mrs. Bartholomew made arrangements to leave home, intending to go the following week, but the secret leaking out she hurriedly completed her arrangements, and left the next day for Petersburg, where her father, a well-to-do farmer, resides.

Before her departure Mrs. Bartholomew told her grandmother what she had done. Mr. Simmons learned of the marriage the next evening. Bartholomew says he will stay and face the music. The opinion prevails that he will find plenty of it. Mrs. Bartholomew is nineteen years old, of medium height, plump figure and pretty face and well educated. Bartholomew is a good-looking fellow of thirty years.

James Villeneuve, a son of J. O. Villeneuve, the Mayor of St. John Baptiste, Can., helped himself to \$1,400 out of his father's safe on Oct. 3, and eloped to the United States with a handsome young girl named Emma Lemaire, belonging to Quebec. United States detectives were telegraphed to at once, and the honeymoon was interrupted at Troy, N. Y., where the couple were arrested. On refunding what money remained Villeneuve was released. The young lady, however, was sent home.

## CAPT. TOLER, OF THE HOT SPRINGS, ARK., POLICE.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a good likeness of Thomas C. Toler, the plucky Chief of Police of Hot Springs, Ark., who lately committed a justifiable homicide by shooting Ed. Howell, a well-known and dangerous character.

The tragedy occurred in front of the Opéra House, on Sept. 17. Howell had been drinking to excess during the afternoon. He was, as usual when drunk, vindictive and menacing toward everybody. But his most intense ire appeared directed at Chief Toler, whom he abused and cursed. He was armed with a revolver, and in the most positive manner swore he would kill Toler. He also left a gun in the Opera House. These and various other threats were communicated to the chief by reliable citizens, who cautioned him to be on his guard, insisting that Howell would kill him. Toler determined to secure the weapon left at the saloon.

He went up and demanded the gun as an officer, and the bartender promptly gave it up. Toler asked him what Howell had said, and he repeated in full the threats made against the chief. Toler then started back down town, but as he stepped upon the sidewalk Howell approached, when the chief fired upon him. Howell was near the door of the saloon when the shot was fired, and ran in and through to the rear room, where he fell and immediately expired. The entire charge of buckshot passed through his right arm, literally shattering it to pieces from near the elbow to near the shoulder, and passing into his right side, below the armpit, produced instant death.

Chief Toler promptly surrendered himself to the sheriff, and the coroner's jury, after thoroughly investigating the affair, brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

## RIDING WITH A LUNATIC.

[Subject of Illustration.]

William Bunn, an employee of the Pompey House, near Syracuse, hitched a horse to a carriage and started for a farm near the East Avenue Driving Park. At a street corner near the edge of the city a man sprang from behind a tree, jumped into the wagon, and, placing a revolver at Bunn's head, demanded the reins, which were handed to him. He lashed the horse into a run, still covering Bunn with the weapon, and threatening to shoot him if he stirred. The man guided the horse toward Thompson's Landing, on the Erie Canal, and thence drove to Messina Springs, which is four miles east of the city, making the distance in less than half an hour, the horse running all the way, and the wagon thumping about fearfully. From the man's actions and words, Bunn saw that he was insane. He asserted that he was pursued by a hand from Buffalo "Bill's" gang of showmen, who were there recently, and who had demanded \$10,000 of him and would kill him unless it was paid. At Messina Springs he turned the horse toward the city, and again urged the terrified animal to a breakneck pace. At the corner of James and Lodi streets the lunatic sprang from the wagon, which passed over him. Still flourishing his revolver, he jumped up and disappeared down the street. Bunn drove into the city, and officers were sent out to search for the companion of his thrilling ride. They found him dragging himself about with a broken leg. He was recognized as William T. Denison, and was taken to an hospital. Denison is a hard drinker, and his insanity is due to alcohol.

## "SIEBA" AT THE STAR THEATRE.

## Kiralfy Brothers' Latest and Most Gorgeous Spectacle.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Star theatre, which was last season the chosen abode of Henry Irving, Lawrence Barrett, Mine. Janauschek and other tragic stars, has this year been turned over to the nimble caperings of *coryphées*, the glitter and sparkle of *premieres*, the moving scenes and melting music of a genuine spectacle under the direction of the Kiralfy Brothers, already famed for such productions. The story of the piece is as follows:

In early legendary times Surur, an evil spirit, furious at his rejection by Sieba, of whom he was enamored, cursed her seven brothers and transformed them into seven ravens. Sieba prayed that they might be restored, and Savanta, a good fairy, interceded for her and secured for her a promise of their restoration on condition that Sieba should keep silent during seven years, and should during that time weave for them seven garments. The play opens at the end of the sixth year. During this period of time Sieba has been living in the hollow of a tree, silently fulfilling her task. Prince Harold while hunting encounters Sieba in a wood. He falls in love with her and she with him.

In the second act, Ruperta, Harold's affianced, indignant at his action, declares war against him. Sieba continues silent. The forces of Ruperta and Prince Harold meet in battle. It is fought vigorously, but the Prince's forces are overthrown and he is made prisoner.

Ruperta decrees that Harold be burned alive in presence of Sieba, in order that his sufferings may unlock her tongue. Sieba remains silent, and Savanta unfolds to her vision a sight of Paradise which is to be her reward.

In the fourth and last act, Ruperta has condemned Sieba to suffer death on a charge of witchcraft. At that moment Savanta appears. The seven years have expired. The good spirit Savanta has triumphed, has confounded Surur, and has transformed the seven ravens into seven men. Sieba's first words are those of love for Harold and are followed by a festive celebration.

The scenes represented in our illustrations include the very popular battle of the amazons clad—in brightly scintillating armor. Another is a picture less voluptuous, but assuredly not less interesting—the first meeting of the brave prince of legendary lore, Harold, with Sieba, the heroine of the story, who in a forest heavy with snow, is seen in the hollow of an oak weaving garments for seven brothers turned for the nonce into fluttering black ravens, and under the ban of the demon of ill. A third shows the unique courtship of a fraudulent monk, one Nicodemus, with Puck, a sprite whose disguises are many and startling. In another picture Nicodemus is found announcing to a bevy of village gossips his hapless and reluctant marriage with a "feminine destiny" he has exhausted every means to avoid. The remaining picture is a *genre* ballet tableau, full of terpsichorean grace and movement.

## A TRAGEDY IN A DIVE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"I'll kill you yet!" shouted a man to a woman who stood in front of the Belmonico saloon at 6 o'clock on the afternoon of Oct. 4. He turned and hurried down Chatham street and the woman entered the saloon. The Belmonico is a concert-saloon.

About 6:30 o'clock the man walked quickly up Chatham street. He went into the saloon and sat down at a table behind the screen.

"Come here!" he sharply called to one of the waiters.

The one addressed approached him. Then he arose from the table, put a pistol to her head and fired. As the report rang out the woman fell to the floor. A number of other girls in the place screamed and ran out as the man pointed the pistol at his head. There was another report, and the man lay gasping on the floor.

Roundsman Joyce, hearing the pistol-shot, hurried to the place and found a man lying dead on the floor. In a little room back of the saloon was a woman stretched out on a lounge. A number of women were around her.

"She's not dead," one of them said to Roundsman Joyce. "She swooned from fright."

An investigation showed the woman to be uninjured. When she had sufficiently recovered to walk, she was taken to the Elizabeth street police station, supported on either side by two waiter-girls, and followed by an eager crowd. At the station-house the woman who was shot at gave her name as Emma Storch. She said she was twenty-three years old, and came to America three years ago from Hamburg. The name of the man, she said, was Daniel Ort, a native of Holland, and thirty-two years old. Emma Storch is a very pretty blonde. She wore a black straw hat and had a gossamer cloak thrown over her shoulders. She said that the dead man was the eldest son of a rich Holland family, and that she had lived with him for two years, but was not married to him. Ort, she said, was married and divorced in Holland. His child is living there now with his mother. During the two years they were living together Emma Storch was employed as a waitress in concert-saloons. She was in the habit of giving her earnings to Ort, and he would go to Coney Island and lose the money on the races. They lived at No. 1 Canal street. Ort had several times threatened to kill her, and she said she had twice taken pistols from him and hid them to prevent him from carrying out his threat. He would often scold her because she did not bring him more money. The only work Ort ever did while they lived together was when, not long ago, entered the employ of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. He became involved in some trouble with the company soon after going into its employ, and it took all the money she had to get him out of it.

He then lived off of the unfortunate woman, but recently the demands for money became so frequent that she determined to leave him. She went away in spite of his threats and took rooms on Forsyth street. The day she left she gave him \$12.50 to go to the races with.

At 6 o'clock on the day of the tragedy he went into the Belmonico saloon, where Emma worked, and told her he was starving. He said he had no money and was about to be dispossessed, as he could not pay the rent. Ort, she says, begged her to give him some money. She had a \$5 bill and did not want to give it all to him, so she put him off. When Emma Storch refused him the money he became frantic with rage

and struck her. They were both put out of the saloon. On the sidewalk he begged and threatened until she got the bill changed and gave him #2. Instead of paying his rent he went to a pawnshop on Chatham street and bought a cheap revolver. With this he returned to the saloon at sat down at a table. He called Emma up to him. She went and stood beside him. Ort pulled out the revolver, pointed it in her face and fired. She saw the flash, thought she was wounded, and fell in a faint. As she fell she heard another shot. When she came to she was lying on a lounge in a back room, and Ort was dead.

J. H. McCORMICK.

[With Portrait.]

This young turfman was born at Belleville, N. J., in 1854. He took very early to racers, and for the last fifteen years has been most active in riding and training horses. He began with Thomas Poyer, who has looked out for Mr. P. Lorillard's stable in England. After six years' service with the latter he worked for Lewis Stewart, who at present has charge of Appleby & Johnston's stable at Long Branch, N. J. After riding several successful races for these gentlemen he went to A. D. Brown, of Maryland, to become assistant trainer and rider to John Highland, who was then in charge of the stable. While in this position he rode some excellent races on the horse Problem. Later we find young McCormick with the Dwyer Brothers helping the great James Rowe to care for the lucky stable of racers and also to ride their jumping races, and while in this dangerous sport the plucky rider was very badly hurt—in fact so seriously that he has never rode in a race since. After this accident he devoted his entire time to the training of horses, and for two seasons he trained for the late William Engeman, among whose flyers we may mention Baton Rouge, Jericho, Miss Malloy, Mallesine, Ventilator and Katie P. Then the young trainer went with M. C. Daly, of Hartford, Conn. But for the last two years he has conducted a public stable at Brighton Beach race-track, in which he has been very successful. Last season he trained the bundle-racer Buster, that run the quickest jumping race on record, at a mile and a half and a mile and a quarter. He also had Major Wheeler, who beat the great jumper, Jim McGowan, at Jerome Park, and Glenmen, a four-year-old by Glengarry, that won the Coney Island stakes. This year young McCormick's string of racers are in a fine condition, especially Tonawanda, Kitty H., Charlie Epps, Maggie B., Ingomar, Jim Cleman and Harolin.

## A RED-HOT LOVE POTION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Annie Van Reid, a young woman living at No. 123 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, is charged with assault on Henry Myers, a member of the liquor firm of A. & H. Myers, on Third street, near Race. The assault occurred on last Friday night, at Eighth and Spring Garden streets, where Myers alleges that Miss Van Reid approached him, and, without warning, threw the contents of a bottle of vitriol over him. He tried to dodge the liquid, but received it all on the back part of his neck and shoulders. He is badly burned.

The girl's story is somewhat different. She states that for six years past Myers has been paying court to her. A short time ago they had a quarrel and he left in a dudgeon. From that time on she neither saw nor heard from him. She learned, however, that he was shortly to marry a girl living in the upper part of the city. This excited her jealousy, and she says she consulted a fortune-teller, whose address she has forgotten, in order to learn how to regain his love. After hearing her story the soothsayer gave her the vial of liquid, the nature of which the girl was ignorant of, and told her that if she could get a little on his lips the old love would return and he would instantly become her faithful and constant lover again.

"I took it home," she continued, "little thinking what it was, and sent him a note asking him to meet me at Eighth street and Fairmount avenue on Tuesday night. When I got there I found him waiting for me. We walked down the street together. I endeavored to win back his affections, but without success, and at Spring Garden street I tried to throw the fluid in his face. I had no idea what it was, or I would not have done it."

## FANNY ESSLER DYING.

Fanny Essler is dying in Vienna. Fanny Essler is the daughter of Johann Essler, who was known in his time as the amanuensis and companion of Haydn, the composer. She was born in Vienna June 23, 1830, appeared very early in a juvenile ballet, and in 1817 was engaged at a leading Viennese theatre. In 1825 she went with her mother to Naples to study the higher arts of ballet-dancing. Her first triumphs were won with her sister in Berlin, 1830. Her beauty, amiability and skill instantaneously won the hearts of her audiences in Germany, Italy, Russia and England. In 1840-42 she exhibited her art in America, and in 1848 established herself in St. Petersburg. On June 21, 1851, she bade farewell to the stage in Vienna, where she had lived since 1854. Her bistro and pantomime talent was quite as remarkable as her grace, simplicity and skill as a dancer. Her sister died in 1878.

## LOOK OUT FOR HIM.



## SPORTING SCENES.

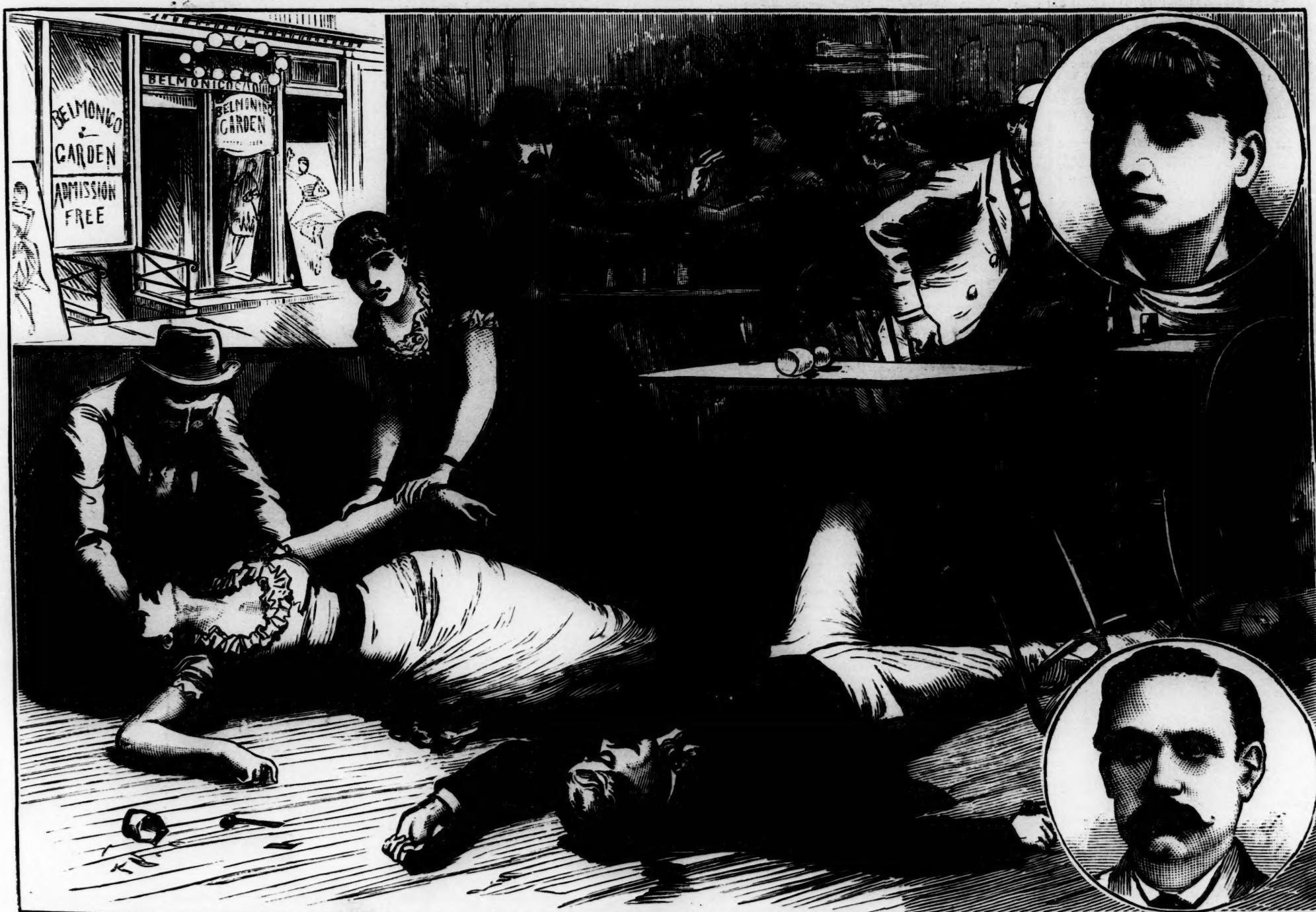
SOME OF THE CURIOUS AND OUT-OF-THE-WAY INCIDENTS OF THE OPEN-AIR DIVERSIONS OF THE WEEK.

I.—Mr. Bergh's Man Interrupts a Race at Jerome Park. II.—Howell and Sellers, the English Bicyclists, Quarrel in a Boston Bar-Room. III.—The Peril of an English Jockey at the Longchamps Races in France. IV.—Pulled on Dead-Head Hill. V.—A Bad Break. VI.—A Vigorous Game of Lacrosse.



THE TRAMPS MUST GO.

A LIVELY SKIRMISH BETWEEN WESTCHESTER COUNTY CONSTABLES AND A BAND OF VAGABONDS WHO THOUGHT THEY OWNED THE EARTH.



A TRAGEDY IN A DIVE.

THE SUICIDE OF A WORTHLESS PARASITE AFTER ATTEMPTING TO KILL A PRETTY WAITER GIRL IN THE BELMONICO SALOON, CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK—WITH VIEW OF THE SALOON AND PORTRAITS.

[From Photographs and Sketches by "Police Gazette" Special Artists.]



## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

## The Way in Which the Aspirations of the Louisvilles Were Blasted.

The young gentlemen from Louisville, Kentucky, who have made such a strong fight this season in the race for the championship of the American Association, came on from the West, Sept. 27, only a short distance behind the Metropolitans in the race, and with high aspirations as to their chances for taking the championship back with them to Louisville. They had an idea that they would dash through the Eastern clubs, like a bullet through cheese, but never were a set of ball-players more grievously disappointed than were these Bourbons from "old Kentuck." They met their most formidable opponents, the Metropolitans, in this city, Sept. 27 and 28, and were knocked off their pins in both games. After visiting Brooklyn they brought up in Philadelphia, Oct. 4, and encountered the Athletics, who, like the Metropolitans, gave them a bad wiping out. Little Bobby Matthews was at his best on this occasion, and he picked such dazzling balls that the Louisvilles only got a single base hit off him in the entire game, and only on two occasions did they accomplish the feat of reaching first base. While on the other hand the Athletics pounded Reccius until he was blue in the face. This game thoroughly knocked the conceit out of the hot-headed Southerners, and plainly showed them that their chances for the pennant were far from flattering, and that if they returned to the West in third place, they would be accomplishing a wonderfulfeat. Hecker's "brown-stone front" grew so faint in the hazy distance, that the most vivid imagination could not picture this magnificent structure which Hecker was to receive in case the Louisvilles won the championship. The Louisvilles could not realize that they were destined to be shut out, and as incoming after inning closed without their scoring a run, they began to get alarmed. Big Jumbo Latham could not give up without a struggle, so snorted around like a big hippopotamus trying to rally his boys, but it was no use, as they had lost sight of Hecker's house, their guiding star, and they were compelled to drop anchor. One of the most surprising features of the game was the fact of Dickerson's being dead sober, an occurrence which is so rare that the flags are generally put at half mast when he is discovered in this state. He had been induced to put his head in sand over night as an experiment, to see if it would change the luck of the club, but the club will never again make a similar request of him, for the absence of stimulants in his carcass made him so nervous that he muffed two beautiful fly balls, and mangled several others which could hardly be credited as errors against him, although he should have caught them. Joe Gerhardt was so busy eggging the other boys on to do something, that he quite forgot that he had not done anything himself. The game terminated with the Louisvilles done up in the following fine form:

		A. E.	R.	I.D.	T. S.	P. O.	A.	H.
Browning, c. f.	4	0	1	1	3	0	0	0
Cline, r. f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	1	0
Dickerson, L. t.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wolf, c.	3	0	0	0	0	2	1	0
Gerhardt, 2d b.	3	0	0	0	1	2	0	0
Reccius, 1b.	3	0	0	0	11	0	0	2
Buccini, p.	3	0	0	0	0	2	1	1
Andrews, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	0	2	1	0
McLaughlin, s. c.	3	0	0	0	0	1	3	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>8</b>	

		A. E.	R.	I.D.	T. S.	P. O.	A.	H.
Players.								
Stover, 1st b.	4	0	1	1	9	0	0	0
Heckel, s. t.	4	1	2	2	2	1	1	0
Corey, 3d b.	4	1	2	2	0	2	0	0
Knight, r. f.	4	1	1	3	2	1	1	0
Coleman, c. f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
McLaughlin, c.	4	0	1	1	6	2	0	0
Latham, 1. t.	4	1	2	2	2	0	0	0
Stricker, 2d b.	4	1	1	1	0	1	0	0
Matthews, p.	4	0	1	1	0	1	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>35</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>2</b>	

Score by Innings.

Club.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Athletic	2	0	0	1	0	0	2	2	x-7

Karney runs—Athletic, 1. Three-base hits—Knight. Base on balls—Latham. Left on bases—Louisville, 1; Athletic, 4. Struck out—Corey, Matthews, Wolf, Latham, Reccius (2), McLaughlin. Muffed flies—Knight. Muffed thrown balls—Houck. Wild throws—Anderson, Wolf and Latham. Fumbled grounders—Dickerson (2), Latham. Double plays—Gerhardt and Latham; Andrews and Latham. Passed balls—Wolf, 4. Wild pitch—Reccius. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—John Kelly.

THE BOSTONS are rapidly losing their sand.

Poor Hecker is suffering with a swelled head.

Hecker's work at short this season has been away up in G.

BILLY BARNES has still got the white elephant, Goldsmith, on his hands.

JOE LATHAM is not the Sampson of the Louisville Club—he is only the Rhinoceros.

ED DRAGLE feels that he did not receive a square deal from the Louisvilles.

SCIENTIFIC HARRY is worse than a sore cushion with his surplus of science on all subjects.

HARTFORD has black-listed Thomas, which throws another bum ball-player on the market.

WILL LOWELL ever take a drop about that great club they are going to have next season?

GIVE us an easy one. The Philadelphia *Item* wants to know who will be champions in 1885.

VIVIAN has great difficulty in getting both his feet in the pitcher's box at the same time.

BEN FARNOR has made the biggest hit that has ever been made in America by an umpire.

The cause of Charlie Palmer's great rejoicing is the downfall of the w. w. known fossil, Will White.

The rise and fall of Morris, the celebrated pitcher of the Columbus Club, has been like that of a mushroom.

ABOVE the only game that the Cincinnati Americans seem capable of winning are their exhibition games.

If the Union Association have sand enough to stick to their work they will become a powerful organization.

THE METS are to be given a grand time when they win the championship, which they will do beyond a doubt.

THE TOLOS are playing simply wonderful ball, and it is a great pity they have played in such hard luck this season.

THE DETROIT CLUB expect to make things boom next season, and probably the first gun fire will be at Manager Chapman.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLUB will not reserve any of their players this year, as they are all considered safe—no one wants them.

MENACEOUS CAYLOR still persists in giving to his club the two protected St. Louis-Cincinnati games.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WOMEN of Hartford will ever get tired making arrangements in the hall to partake a big professional nine in their town the next spring.

We could about call the turn if the Union and American Association clubs of St. Louis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were to come together.

JOE ALEX is broken-hearted over his team of bummers, and is now willing to give \$3,000 to the manager who can keep his drunks sober.

It looks as though the Providence Club were playing into the hands of the Buffaloes in order to prevent the New Yorks from getting third place.

BILLY HAGUE has an idea that better wages can be made at ball-playing than at clerking for a master, so next season he will enter the baseball arena.

THE TOLOS people will have to get down into their clothes a little deeper than they have been doing if they expect to keep their ball-club together next season.

Now, of the Buffaloes, has probably seen his best days behind the bat, his hands are now so badly used up that it will take him a month of Sundays to recover.

An attempt will be made to shelve the habitual drunkards at the end of the season. This will go hard on some first-class ball-players who are fond of their grub.

LOUISVILLE waves the virtue of the National Agreement and has arranged to play two games with the Cincinnati Unions, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 18 and 19, in Cincinnati.

THE CINCINNATI UNIONS have done such excellent work this season, that they have frightened Little German George and his side-partner, O. P. Caylor, out of a year's growth.

THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL deserve great credit for the able manner in which they encouraged their players to win the championship, but it was like placing pearls before swine.

THE NATIONALS, of Washington, are after Bennett and Wiedman, of the Detroit. They will catch a treasure in Wiedman as he has only made one base hit in the last twenty-seven games.

JOE FARRELL, of Brooklyn, has got the Detroit baseball scribes somewhat son on him, and the manner in which they turn Joe in their columns is enough to make his flesh creep.

AFTER many sore heads and bruised optics, the Springfield Club have succeeded in licking all the toughs of the Ohio League, and have captured the much-coveted championship pennant.

GRACE PRANCE is in mortal terror of being reserved by the Metropolitans. He has an offer of \$3,000 to play with the Neversets, of Young Hollow, but he can only get \$1,000 if he is reserved by Mutrie.

MAYER THOMPSON has pulled up stakes and given the Detroit Club the dead shake, and the Detroiters, instead of mourning his loss, regard it as the happiest day baseball has ever known in Detroit.

REDDY MACK is so popular in the Ohio League that his name is almost before the public. If a gimp is to be scrubbed out it would not be considered a good job unless Reddy Mack was used at the mop.

THE TOLOS have been playing in such fine form this fall that the Toledo people have come to the front and offered to go down into their pockets and raise the necessary funds to keep the club in its feet another year.

CHAS. VON DER AHE is in search of a manager for the St. Louis Club. The man who accepts the position will have to be made of dough to stand the domineering and the constant overbearing interference he would receive from Von der Ahe.

THE general impression is that the Providence Club is not trying to play ball now, since they have won the championship. It is a dirty, scilid trick, as it has given Buffalo an advantage over New York, which they would not otherwise have had.

FRANK BANCROFT now gets down on his belly and crawls like a serpent, since he finds that Jim Mutrie is ready and willing to accept his challenge to let the Metropolitans play against the Providence Club, in a series of five games, at \$1,000 a side.

IMAGINE STOREY making a presentation speech on the ball-field of an Eli's badge to Lou Knight. It must have been a beautiful 1: as for the crowd to listen to. No one would give him credit for possessing enough courage to present a collar to a dog.

MIKE WALSH has made quite a hit as a manager, and has been re-engaged by the Louisvilles for 1885. This is a wonderful improvement on his days of unerring, when he was afraid to look cross-eyed for fear some one would up and sing up in the jaw.

MANAGER MALARIA, of the Boston Club, has suspended Burdock for the remainder of the season, and has disciplined Whitney so severely that it is doubtful if he will be able to do any more pitching this season, as he is far from being in condition at present.

JOE STANT recently made his debut in the prize ring, but he proved far from being a success. He was pitted against the goliath, John L. Malarial, and was knocked out so badly that he will not be able to play with the Providence Club again this season.

THE BOSTONS were the only club who had the business ability to weather the season with their reserve team. It was up-hill business, however, and the burden was so heavy that it is hardly likely that they will ever attempt to carry another load of that nature.

THE BOSTON CLUB are probably the richest baseball associations in the United States, and undoubtedly the meanest and most contemptible in their treatment of their players and of the press. They are stingy on the question of salaries, and also in their distribution of favors to the press.

CLEVELAND is without doubt the bumpiest drawing city in the League. When the New Yorks played there, Sept. 18, there were only 150 people, a dog, seven flies and a grasshopper present. There were no mosquitoes, as they have absolutely refused to attend any more of the Cleveland games.

THE BOSTON CLUB are probably the richest baseball associations in the United States, and undoubtedly the meanest and most contemptible in their treatment of their players and of the press. They are stingy on the question of salaries, and also in their distribution of favors to the press.

LEWISBURG and Troy are making a bid for the Allentown Club in body. There is not much choice between the two places for them, as they will starve in the one place as quick as they will in the other, and either city is as good as Allentown, so we can see nothing better for them than to get down themselves in a body, for it beats starving all hollow.

BILLY BARNES was kind enough to lend a helping hand to the renegade, James McLaughlin, who skipped from Baltimore to Portsmouth, Ohio, the moment Manager Barnes opened his big heart and raised the sugar to remove a suit of clothes and a hand-some gold watch from the pawn-shop for the ungrateful wretch. Creatures like this fellow are not worthy the name of a man.

DURING the first couple of months of the baseball season we were almost entirely distracted by Holber's marvelous accounts of Cuba. He finally took a drop and the citizens of New York were saved from early graves. As the winter season approaches, however, and Billy has commenced to unearth Cuba, there seems to be no hope for the ball-playing public other than to plunge deep into the wildest kind of dissipation and try drawn to everlasting Cuban breeze.

LEW SIMMONS has his hawk-eye on Barkley, and if he can be of any assistance to the Toledos in helping them to the wall they can count on him walking from Philadelphia to Toledo to do it. Lew must not count too much on Barkley, however, as there are a dozen other clubs from the League, American and Union associations who have their eyes peeled in that direction, and would gladly and willingly fasten their grapples on this excellent second baseman if they could only see their way clear to give the Toledos a friendly stab without getting stained with their gore.

CHARLES VON DER AHE thought that there was something wrong in play after week rolled around without his club getting any nearer to winning the championship. He did not know how to make the boys play better ball, so he went at it in the same old style that all other lunk-heads have done for the past ten centuries. He commenced to kick at every person but the right one. His finding fault with Jimmy Williams resulted in that little gentleman resigning from the management. As the club did not improve in their work, his next movement was to baffle all his best men and retain the drunken loafers. The book-keeper was then fired and while on his way to Germany, Von der Ahe telegraphed after him and had him stopped at Columbus, and taken back to St. Louis, where he was detained until the St. Louis chieftain was satisfied that the books of the club were all right.

**Suicide of Miss Carpenter.**

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Miss Sarah C. Carpenter, of Brooklyn, whose portrait we published last week, is now virtually cleared up. The family will not immediately withdraw the placards and the \$500 offered for information, but in their own minds they are convinced that all doubt as to Miss Carpenter's fate is settled. There is apparently no question now that she rose early in the morning of Sept. 21, slipped quietly down the stairs, and out the front door, which she left open, came over to New York, and went to the Cunard wharf, where she arrived just in time to board the steamship Bothnia as the vessel sailed for Liverpool. On the evening of the first day out, when the Bothnia was about 200 miles at sea, she probably dropped quietly over the side into the water. She was not missed on board the ship until some time the next day.

The cable message which establishes these facts almost to a certainty was received at the Cunard office in this city on Oct. 4, and was in response to the message sent to Liverpool the day before by Mr. Frederick Carpenter, the deceased lady's brother. It read as follows:

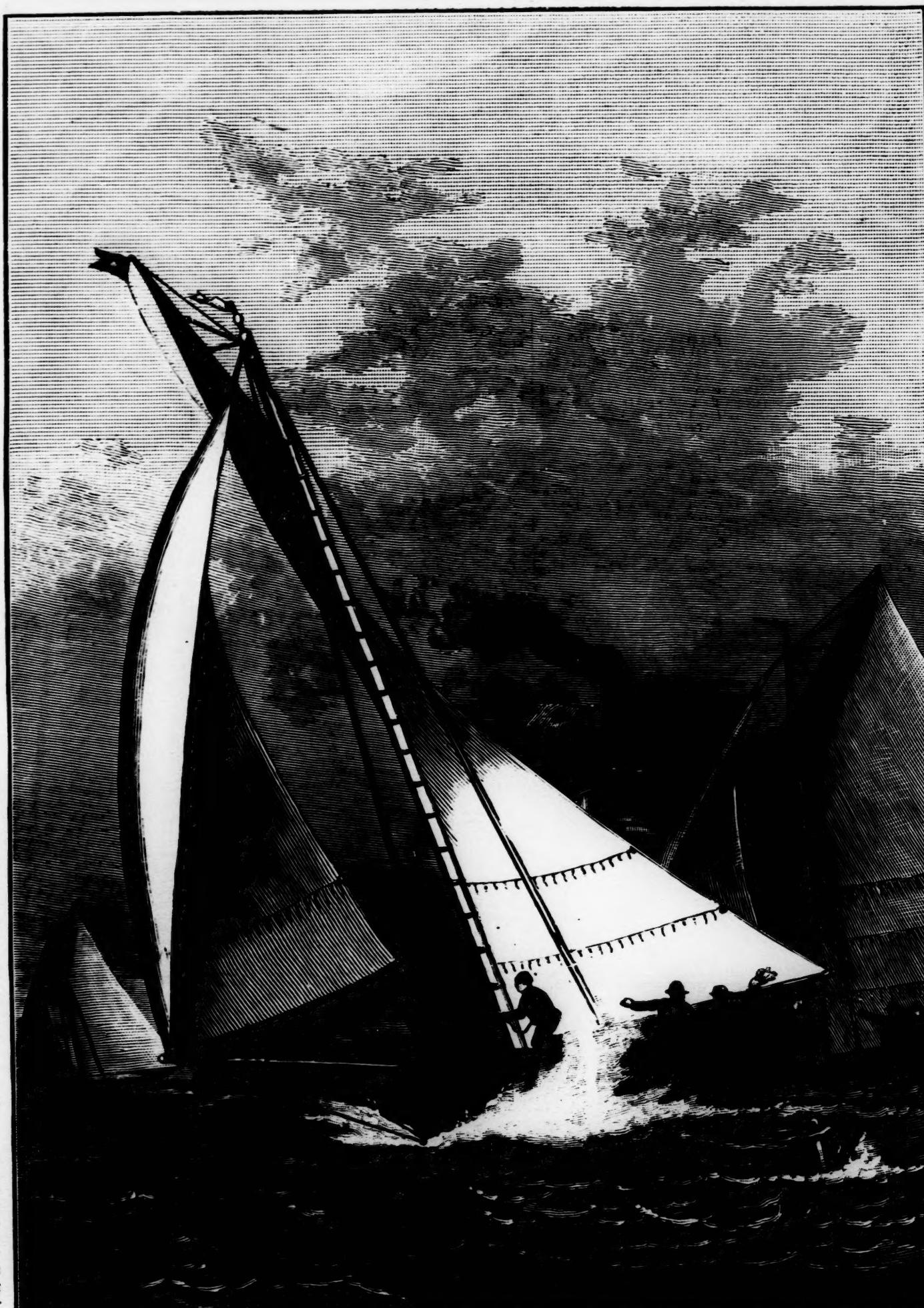
LIVERPOOL, Oct. 4.

Gave name Mrs. John Blake; missed evening 25th. No luggage, but satchel in which two letters, one addressed Mrs. A. F. Carpenter, the other Miss Conklin, both in Brooklyn.

Of course, until the arrival of the anxiously expected letters all is to a certain extent speculation as to the lady's motives and her condition of mind, though it is hardly probable that they will be anything more than farewells to her mother and friend, or will contain anything additional than a few missing details of the story, whose general outline is as given above.

**Regatta of the New Jersey Yacht Club.**

The New Jersey Yacht Club held a successful open regatta Oct. 2 over a course from Bedloe's Island to Buoy No. 13 and return, the catamarans going over the course twice. There were thirty entries, many of the yachts being fast sailers. Among them were the four catamarans: Jessie, owned by F. D. Hughes; Nightmare, Dr. R. M. Weed; Comet, J. E. Buckhout, and Hermes, Fearon and Curtiss. A strong breeze



WHITE-WINGED FLYERS.

THE REGATTA OF THE NEW JERSEY YACHT CLUB, OCTOBER 2.—BOATS ROUNDING BUOY 13, THE DARE-DEVIL LEADING.

from the northeast made the yachts fairly fly before the wind as they started down the bay. The Nightmare was the first of the catamarans to start, at 11:13:46, and the Comet followed, a minute behind. The Jessie did not cross until 11:15:00, and the Hermes was handicapped slightly. The Jessie won, finishing at 3:28:28, her elapsed time being 4:13:18. The Nightmare was 18 minutes behind, and the Hermes over 20 minutes.

In class B yachts, 26 feet and over, the Dare Devil was the best sailer, taking the lead from the beginning and keeping it, finishing at 2:26. The Eagle Wing was next in this class, finishing at 2:27:34, or 1 minute 34 seconds behind the Dare Devil. In class C the Only Son made the quickest time over the course in 3:05:12. The Rambler was second. The small boats went around Fort Lafayette and return. Cruiser took the lead, and with Senator close behind, skipped over the course in a lively manner. Cruiser won, her time being 2:15:48, and that of Senator 2:20:13. The prizes were \$30 for the winning boat in classes A and B, \$25 for class C, and \$15 for class D. The regatta committee were E. W. Ketcham, H. O. Dilsworth, and E. A. S. Barkelew.

**What a Spark Kindled.**

A. O. Proute, of White Plains, N. Y., who keeps in his "country store" a little of everything, weighed out, lately, half a pound of powder for a customer. He was smoking when the order was given, but laid his cigar down when he went to get the powder. While weighing it he picked up his cigar again and commenced puffing. Some ashes and sparks fell into the powder, which at once blazed up. Mr. Proute was badly burned about the face, and his hair, whiskers and eyebrows were singed off. For a few minutes there was great excitement in the neighborhood.

**A Wholesale Murder.**

Harry Percival, his wife, infant child, and a young man, all of whom lived on a farm about ten miles west of Fullerton, in Nance county, Neb., were found murdered on Oct. 2. Percival's house was robbed and everything of value except the wife's watch was taken. The deed is supposed to have been committed by a farm hand and partner, both of whom are missing.



WHAT A SPARK KINDLED.

THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION CAUSED BY A CARELESS WHITE PLAINS STORE-KEEPER ADDICTED TO SMOKING.



SUICIDE OF MISS CARPENTER.

THE MISSING BROOKLYN LADY JUMPS FROM THE STEAMER BOTHNIA WHEN UNDER WAY AT SEA.



J. H. McCORMICK,

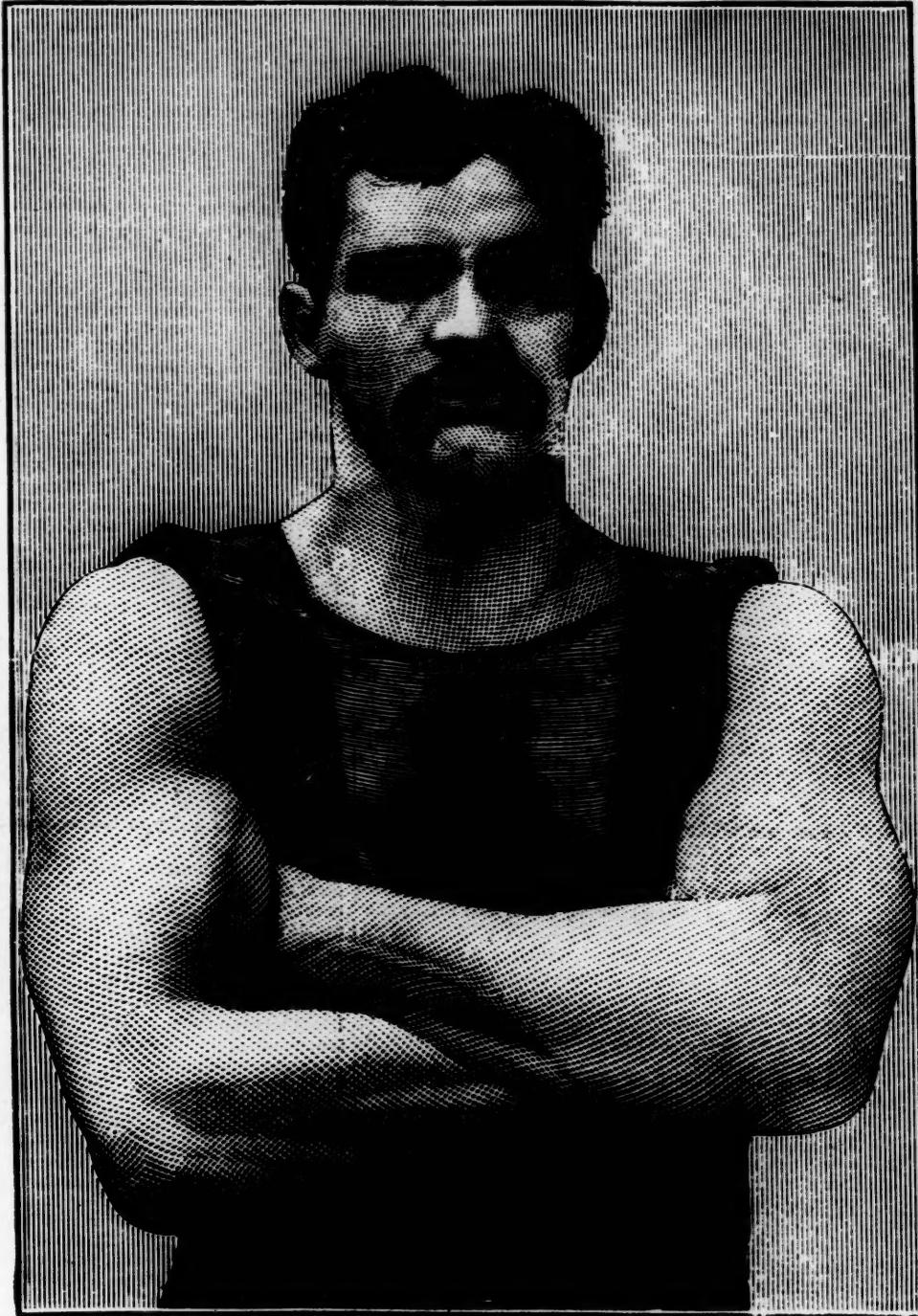
THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN RIDER AND TRAINER OF FAMOUS RACE-HORSES.

[Photo by John Wood.]

Anna Lewis.

Anna Lewis, the celebrated female boxer, was born in Chemung county, New York, Oct. 29, 1856. She went to Cleveland in the fall of 1883. She is a tall, stately woman of masculine bearing, and walks with a firm, decided step. Her form is as straight as an arrow. She has a pleasing face, her lips are thin and firm, and her

eyes clear and piercing. Her hair is of a bright auburn hue, and is worn banded. The muscles of her arms and chest are as hard as iron. A wiry bundle of muscles lying from the collar-bone to the arm pit, stand out in great prominence. The measurements of her body are as follows: at the shoulders, 39½ inches; arms, 13 inches; breast, 38 inches; forearm 11½ inches; waist, 33½ inches; hips, 41 inches; thighs, 24 inches; knees, 15½ inches; calf, 14½ inches. The length of arm, from shoulder to the knuckles, 26 inches. She is now twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds. She will meet any woman



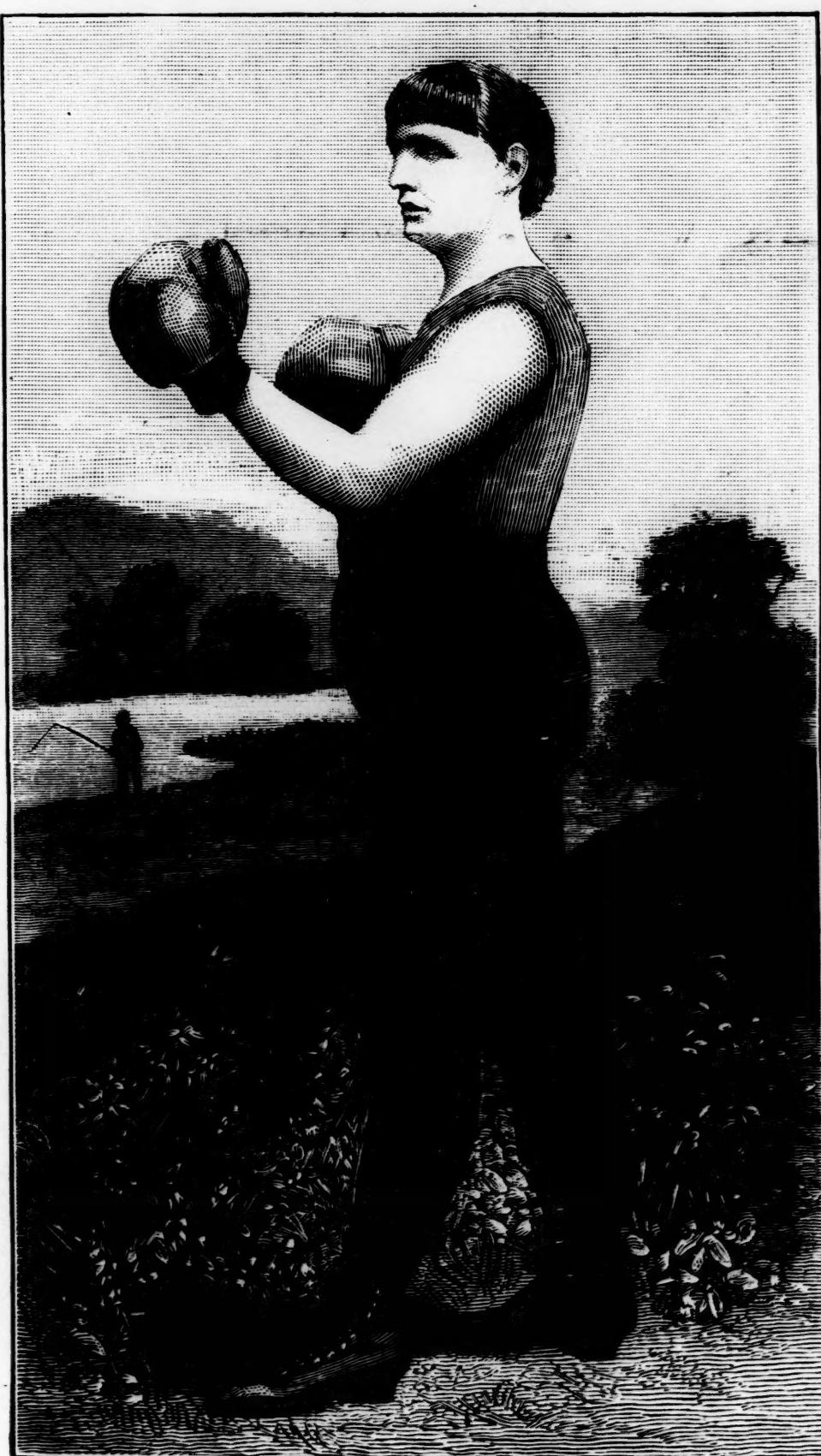
EMIL VOSS,

THE CHAMPION WRESTLER OF GERMANY, WHO IS PREPARED TO MEET THE BEST MEN IN AMERICA.

in the world of any weight, but is unwilling to reduce her own weight below 140 pounds. She has been in training under Eddy for the past four months, and is in excellent shape. All she wants is an opportunity to make a record. A match will doubtless be arranged for her in Buffalo, soon after which she proposes to send on a challenge and forfeit to the GAZETTE.

## Justice in Morocco.

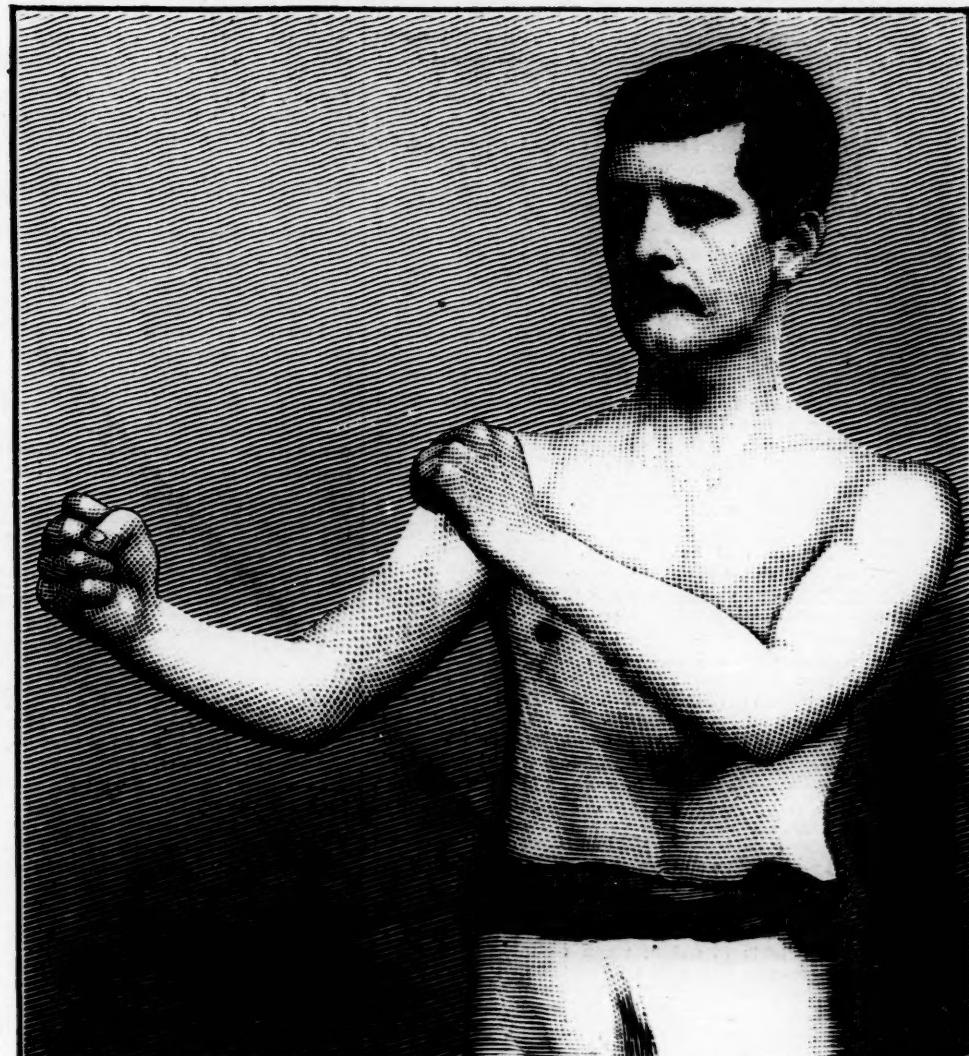
In Morocco, when a thief is caught, they ask him what hand he would prefer to have in his possession, and when he has made his choice they cut off the other. When a thief has lost both hands and also his feet, he loses his head and stops stealing.



ANNA LEWIS,

A NOTED FEMALE BOXER, WHO IS WILLING TO MEET ANY WOMAN IN THE WORLD

[Photo by John Wood.]



W. JAMES,

A HERO OF THE ENGLISH PRIZE RING, NOW TEACHING THE MANLY ART AT ALTOONA, PA.

[Photo by John Wood.]

## SPORTING NEWS.

*It is intended that this page shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.*

★★ Philadelphia has a new cricket-ground which covers seven acres.

★★ George Hazael says he will run any man in the world 20 miles, for \$1,000 a side.

★★ Commodore Kittson, it is reported, is ready to sell any horse in his racing-stable.

★★ J. Dawson is arranging for M. R. Sully to walk 2,000 half-miles in 2,000 half-hours at Philadelphia.

★★ Miss Woodford has been retired for the season, after winning every race she has started in this year.

★★ P. H. Moynihan, of South Boston, offers to back J. J. Brennan to walk 5 miles for the championship of South Boston.

★★ The followers of amateur athletics believe that Ford, the amateur, who ran 100 yards in 10s recently, can beat Myers' 100 yards.

★★ The 880-yard race between J. McQuigan and W. Bowman, at Philadelphia, on Oct. 4, was won by the latter. McQuigan did not finish.

★★ Pittsburgh's sporting men will match Teemer to row any man in America 5 miles, and allow a start of 8s, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

★★ John Teemer met with a great reception on his arrival in Pittsburgh. His backer and trainer, Evan Morris, also met with quite an ovation.

★★ Jack Knifton, not liking to be idle, is willing to box any man in England (bar none) an off-hand match with soft gloves for any amount.

★★ The mother of Peter Priddy, of Pittsburgh, is desperate on betting at races. The day Norris beat Priddy she lost \$600 and the day Clator beat Priddy she lost \$1,000.

★★ The Brighton Beach Racing Association are thinking about covering the Brighton Beach race-course, putting in steam apparatus, and have races all winter.

★★ Vaughan and Edwards are to arrange a six-day heel-and-toe walking match, and any pedestrian will be allowed to enter as it will be a sweepstakes race.

★★ Craft won the first prize in the pool tournament at Philadelphia, Reiber won second; Wharton and Manney tied for third prize, but in playing off Wharton won.

★★ The benefit show of dogs to be held in conjunction with the World's Exposition at New Orleans, will begin Jan. 10, 1885. Mr. Charles Lincoln will be the superintendent.

★★ At Perth Amboy on Oct. 14, Fiddler (Martin) Neary will be tendered a benefit. All the boxers from New York have volunteered, and Neary will wind-up with Jack Keenan.

★★ William Walker, the colored jockey, who rode Ten Broek in all his famous races, recently purchased of M. Young, Playfellow, ch. g. (2) by Fellocroft, dam Placid by Enquirer.

★★ Teemer's victory over Wallace Ross in a 5-mile race, in which he allowed his opponent 5 seconds' start, proves that Teemer (as claimed) is the champion oarsman of the United States.

★★ At Pittsburgh, Pa., a 5-mile scull race has been arranged for between Reddy Richards, of McKeesport, and Wm. Mozier, of the South Side, for \$150 a side, to be rowed on Oct. 13. Mozier is to have one length start.

★★ The college football rules for 1884, just issued, disqualify a player for a single foul. This is the result of the protest made by the Harvard faculty last season, when each player could receive three warnings for fouls before being disqualified.

★★ The proposed trotting match between the stallions, Maxey Cobb and Phalias, still hangs fire. In view of the unequalled performance (2:13 1/4) of Maxey Cobb at Providence on Sept. 30, a contest between these flyers would prove highly interesting.

★★ John Meagher, of Lawrence, Mass., offers to walk any man in the world from 1 mile to 100, for \$1,000 a side; or he will make a match with Harry Vaughan, Daniel O'Leary or William Edwards to walk 6 days, 12 hours a day, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

★★ An English exchange says: "Alf. Greenfield, the pugilist, is followed by crowds when he is on the street in Birmingham. He is looked upon as a hero, since the announcement of the proposed trip to America, to meet Sullivan, the American champion."

★★ W. G. George did not beat the 1,000-yard record when he ran the distance in 2:16. Myers ran this distance in 2m 13s, at the Manhattan Polo Grounds, Oct. 8, 1881, and also on the Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham, Eng., less than three months ago, in 2m 14 1/2s.

★★ The members of the National Billiard Association met at Columbia Hall, New York, Oct. 5. Jas. Palmer, of Philadelphia, presided. Messrs. H. W. Collender, John D. O'Connor, Christian Bird, John Creahan and others joined in the deliberations. No business of importance was transacted.

★★ A pigeon-shooting match for \$1,000 has been arranged at Kansas City, between Charles Fenn, of Kansas City, and Fred, Erb, of St. Joseph, Mo. The match is to take place at Kansas City, on Oct. 17, and each are to shoot at 100 birds, English style, Erb standing 30 yards from the traps and Fenn 28 yards.

★★ The 10-mile heel-and-toe walking match between Denis Driscoll, of Lynn, and John Meagher, of Lawrence, for \$1,000, is off. Meagher was training at Wood's Athletic Grounds until recently, when he was informed that Driscoll had fallen out of a wagon and could not go on with the race. Meagher left for Boston immediately.

★★ Robert Bonner is having a sulky built for Maud S., which it is claimed will be the lightest ever made. It is to weigh, when completed, only 38 1/2 pounds—just one pound lighter than the sulky now used for Jay-Eye-See. Though the Queen of the Turf is one-half a hand higher than Jay-Eye-See, she is better fitted to a smaller sulky. This is owing to the difference in the build of the trotters.

★★ A glove contest was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 9, between Tom Henry and Jack Dempsey. They posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and signed articles of agreement to box 6 rounds, Queensberry rules, at the Eighth Street theatre on Oct. 23 for \$200, the winner to receive \$5 and the loser 25 per cent. of the gate receipts.

Richard K. Fox was selected final stakeholder, and is to select the referee.

★★ Writing to the POLICE GAZETTE, George Slosson says: "I will be ready at any time to arrange a match with Schaefer, balk-line and champion game, or with Sexton or Dion, cushion carroms, or with Daly, 12-inch balk-line game, provided the matches shall be played in Chicago." Slosson says that Schaefer has managed to name the amount, place and style of game in all his matches, but if he should play Schaefer again Slosson proposes to have a voice in the details.

★★ The following challenge was received at this office:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 7, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—I hereby challenge Rice, of Ontario, Canada, to run me a mile race for a reasonable stake. If he concludes to make a match I will meet him at the POLICE GAZETTE office any time he may say. To prove I mean business I have posted \$10 in the hands of Richard K. Fox.

JAMES GRANT.

★★ The stakes (\$1,000) in the collar-and-elbow wrestling match for the championship of America have not yet been given to John McMahon, the winner, by the stakeholder. McMahon had to throw Decker four times before he was declared the winner. After the referee had given his decision, the stakeholder refused to pay the stakes because Decker's backers threatened to sue for them. If Richard K. Fox had held the \$1,000 Decker and McMahon wrestled for the money would have been paid over on the referee rendering a decision.

★★ John Murphy makes the following challenges: "I will match a horse (trotter) to go a race to the pole, with running mate, usual conditions, against any horse on earth, harnessed, and to go in the same manner, for any amount, so long as it is enough to be a consideration, and will give or take expenses, as the case may be, according to where the match may take place. Also, I will match two horses to run to the pole, usual conditions, against any two horses, harnessed, and going in the same manner, for any amount."

★★ The wrestling match, collar-and-elbow, for \$1,000 a side, between H. M. Dufur and an Unknown backed by Dan J. Lynch, of Portsmouth, N. H., will be decided at the Windsor theatre, Boston, Oct. 15. On the posting of the final deposit Lynch named John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, for his unknown. Dufur was much surprised when he heard it was his old rival. McMahon and Dufur, it will be remembered, wrestled for \$1,000 and the collar-and-elbow championship, last December, at Boston. Dufur got the main stakes. All bets were declared off, McMahon withdrawing.

★★ On Oct. 4, at Amherst, at the annual fall meeting of the Amherst College Athletic Association, the best previous records were lowered in several instances. There were about 600 entries. The following is a summary of the most important events: Standing high jump—Smith, '86, 4 ft 3 in. Running bases—Harris, '85, 123 1/2 s.; best previous record 14 1/2 s. Pole vaulting—Perline, '86, 7 ft 6 in. Throwing ball—Dewey, '85, 345 ft. Hop, step and jump—Judson, '86, 39 ft 8 1/2 in. Throwing hammer—Perline, '86, 76 ft. Quarter-mile run—Fallows, '86, 53 1/2 s. Half-mile run—Holton, '87, 2m 10 1/2 s. Backward dash, 100 yards—Fallows, '86, 14 1/2 s.; former time 15 1/2 s.

★★ At Chicago trotting meeting on Oct. 3, the event of the day was the successful attempt of Commodore Kittson's pacer, Johnson, to lower his record of 2:10. John Spian drove Johnson, and he paced the mile in 2:06. Richball attempted to beat his record, and paced a mile in 2:14. The closing event of the day was the attempt of the pacing mare, Minnie R., hitched to a wagon with running mate, to beat her own record of 2:05. In this she was successful. The first quarter was paced in 0:21 1/2, the half in 1:01 1/2, the three-quarters in 1:31 1/2, and the mile in 2:03 1/2. The best time at this way of going is Westmont's 2:03 1/2. The third quarter in this heat was paced in 0:29 1/2, or at a rate of 1:50 for the mile.

★★ Letters are lying at this office for the following parties: C. M. Anderson, L. Alanzopana, Doc Baggs, Jack Burke (2), Mr. Calvin, Wm. Daly, Miss Annie Duncombe, Mike Donovan, Wm. Delaney, Frank Downee, Harry Dobson, Chas. E. Eldred, Dick Garvin, J. W. Grahame, Ed. Gates (2), Thom King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Miss Agnes Leonard, Wm. Muldoon (3), Michael McCarthy, John Mackey, Manager Female B. C. Club, of Philadelphia, Chas. McDonald, Wm. Mantell, B. O. Osbin, Chas. Prigdon, Geo. Cooke (2), Hugh Robinson (3), John Roanan (2), Wallace Ross, Frank Redfield, Miss Hattie Stewart, Wm. Stoops, Miss Katie Stokes, Mile. St. Quentin, Miss Minnie Vernon, Capt. Matthew Webb, Clarence Whistler, Harry Woodson, Walter Watson.

★★ Walter W. Deninger, of the St. John Rowing Club, of New Orleans, writes as follows to Richard K. Fox: "The St. John Club proposes to hold a great regatta in May, 1885. We of course desire in our professional race to have both Hanian and Beach, and we notice from the Associated Press dispatches that you yourself desire to get up a race in this country between Hanian and Beach for a purse and for the 'Police Gazette' trophy. It has occurred to me that the meeting which you desire between these oarsmen will find the most fitting time and place at our regatta, which will be given the more publicity from the fact that it takes place in connection with the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, which will be attended by thousands of people from all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and by a number of foreigners."

★★ The following is a list of visitors to this office for the past week: J. Frank Magraw, Portsmouth, N. H.; Col. Albert Sanborn, Honduras; John Maher, Wm. Edwards, Harry Martin, Ed. Mallahan, Matsada Sorakich, Andre Christol, wrestler: Billy O'Brien, Pat Sheedy Thad, Meagan, John S. Bishop, Kansas City, Mo.; Jas. T. De Vancene, Pierrepont House; Wm. Edwards, Mr. Scofield, Bob Smith, Tom Henry and his backers, Billy Sargood and Mr. D. C. Bryant, of Williamsburg; F. J. Crisler, Joe Fowler, Samuel Seymour, London, Eng.; Jas. Ingland, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Jack Burke, Gus. Tuthill, Joseph Lawler, Philadelphia, Pa., Albertus Wood, the Journal; Bryan G. McSwiny, Mayor of Cork; Al. Washburn, Billy Fields, Edward C. Young, Manchester, Conn.; J. J. McCloskey, Mr. Geo. Crocker, Joe Denning, Jack Dempsey, Thos. Houllahan, Prof. Todd, Hartford, Conn.; H. Kaylor, Mr. Johnson, Providence, R. I.; Gus Lippman, Ben Hogan, the evangelist; John McMahon, Dan Dwyer, of Boston; James Murphy, Frank Russell, Bob Smith.

★★ On Oct. 5 Morris O'Connell, the well-known pugilist, died at St. Louis. He was a native of the State of New York. He was a fine-looking man, about twenty-seven years of age, standing 5 ft 10 in high and weighing, when in good health, 170 lbs. His appearance and demeanor were those of a quiet gentleman, and he was far removed from the ideal type of his profession. While residing in St. Louis he was almost continuously in the employ of Tom Kelly, who speaks very highly of him. As a boxer he was

quite clever and a hard hitter. He frequently put up his hands in friendly bouts at Kelly's, and the announcement that he was going to spar generally filled the house with his admirers. In the recent contest between Cardiff and Jack King, he was the latter's second. Before going to St. Louis he spent considerable time in Scranton and Bradford, Pa., and traveled, giving exhibitions with Bob Farrell, Charley Mc Donald and Prof. Donaldson. During his stay in the oil country he had a rough-and-tumble with Ben Hogan, then a noted bar-room fighter, but now a revivalist, in which Hogan was defeated. At Hot Springs he defeated Billy O'Brien, who is at present managing Dominick McCaffrey. The expense of his funeral will be borne by Tom Kelly, the noted St. Louis sporting man and pugilist.

★★ Mike Donovan, of New York, did Jack Welch up in 5 rounds at Clark's Club theatre, Philadelphia, one night last week, although there was no knock-out. Donovan hit Welch four blows to every one that Welch landed on Donovan's body. Donovan forced the fighting, and in the fourth round particularly simply played with his antagonist. When Welch had an opportunity to plant a blow in Donovan's face he would hit him a light tap on the breast, and Donovan would follow it up with a smart blow in Welch's face invariably. There was a great deal of shouting by the big audience that packed the theatre, and when, at the end of the fourth round, Donovan had shown his unquestionable scientific superiority there were many cries for Donovan and a good deal of good-natured guffaw for Welch. In the fifth round, which was an after agreement, Donovan repeated his skill and Welch behaved more like an awkward boy than the skilled fighter he claims to be. After the fight had been decided by the referee Welch stepped to the front of the stage and said he would fight any man in America to a finish, barring Sullivan. After "the dead stranger of Wilmington," Billy Carroll, had declined to act as referee, Stage Manager Thomas O'Neill, of the theatre, agreed to give the decision, which was in favor of Donovan and applauded by the audience.

★★ The long-pending glove contest between Jack Dempsey and Robert Turnbull, at Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, East Thirteenth street, New York, on Oct. 8, was a sizzling affair. They fought for a purse of \$25 offered by Billy Madden. Every one knew the contest would be a genuine one, and a large crowd packed the now famous sporting resort. Among the noted sporting men and patrons of boxing present were Ed. Kearney, Mart Malone, John Daly, Pat Sheedy, and a host of others. Tommy Ferguson seconded Dempsey, while Turnbull had the services of Denny Costigan. After the pugilists had entered the ring, it looked a dollar to a ferry-ticket on Dempsey, for he was taller, more muscular and heavier than his plucky and good-looking opponent. According to the agreement signed, the pugilists were to box 8 rounds "Police Gazette" Revised rules. Dempsey was a heavy favorite in the betting, but there was little speculation. In the first round Dempsey made a savage rush at his opponent, as if he intended to finish him in the first round. Landing heavily with his left just above the belt and his right on Turnbull's ear, he forced him against the ropes. Turnbull took his punishment with the appetite of a glutton. Now and again he made play with his left and right, striking blows that made Dempsey grunt, but left no visible mark. The spectators were confident that two rounds would finish it. Turnbull's left eye was almost closed and he was saved from knock-downs twice by the wall at the back of the stage. Early in the second round Dempsey got in a terrible right-hander on Turnbull's nose, turning on a free flow of blood. Turnbull's time during the succeeding rounds was principally occupied in getting out of the way. Once in awhile he got in some telling blows with his left, but Dempsey scarcely minded them. He, however, had fought himself in the first three rounds, and during the fourth he became so blown that it looked as though Turnbull had some chance. Both men were covered with blood which Turnbull alone had shed, and the nose and mouth of the latter were swollen out of all shape, while Dempsey's only visible punishment was a broken tooth and a cut lip. The last four rounds began with both sparring for wind, but Dempsey varied them by his rushes, which forced Turnbull to the ropes, and looking like finishing rallies, really left him little the worse. He was as strong on his legs as when he began. He evaded many blows by ducking, and Dempsey was so winded that he could not recover himself in time to avoid some damaging blows. Turnbull, at the end of the round was so weak that he could hardly get to his seat, but the minute's rest so revived him that he was equal to standing more punishment. In the last round Dempsey delivered blows that sounded throughout the hall. He aimed at head and stomach, and generally landed where he aimed, but Turnbull took the punishment, and was still on his feet when the referee decided Dempsey the winner.

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